THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII No. 1004

FEBRUARY 28, 1923

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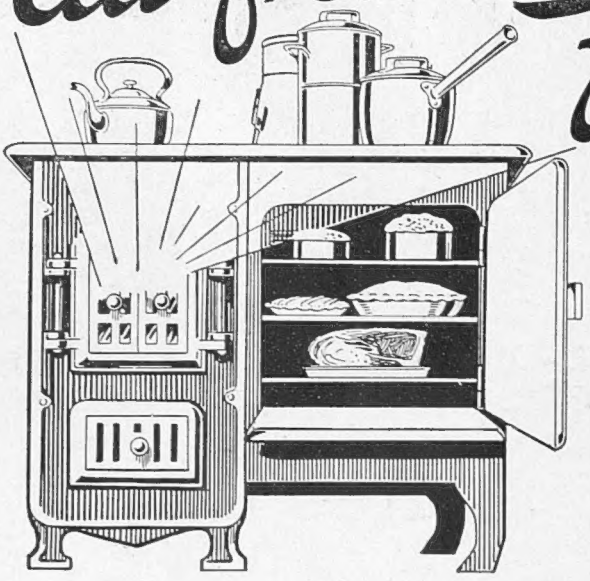

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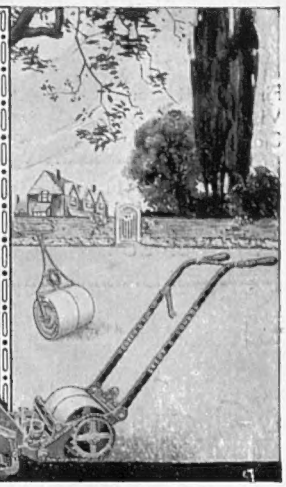

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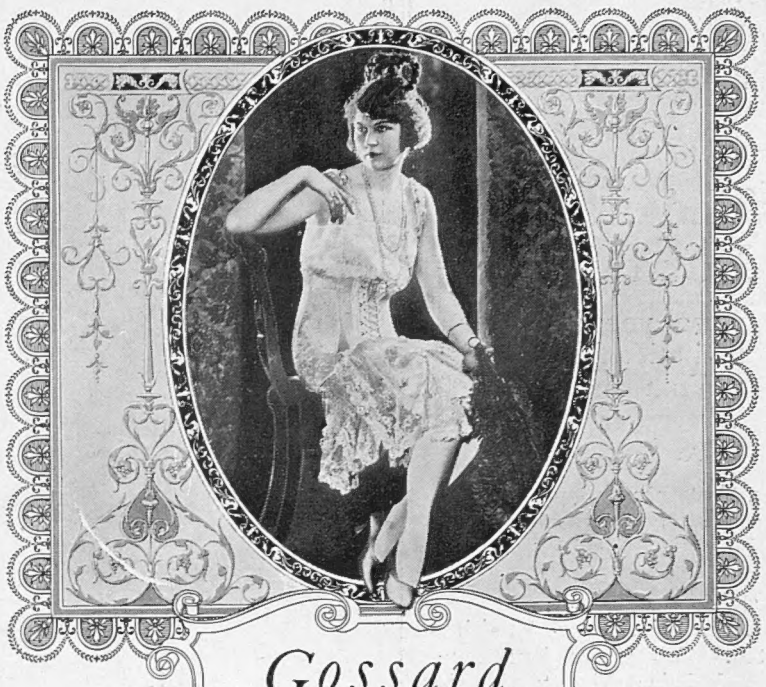

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Tall slender.

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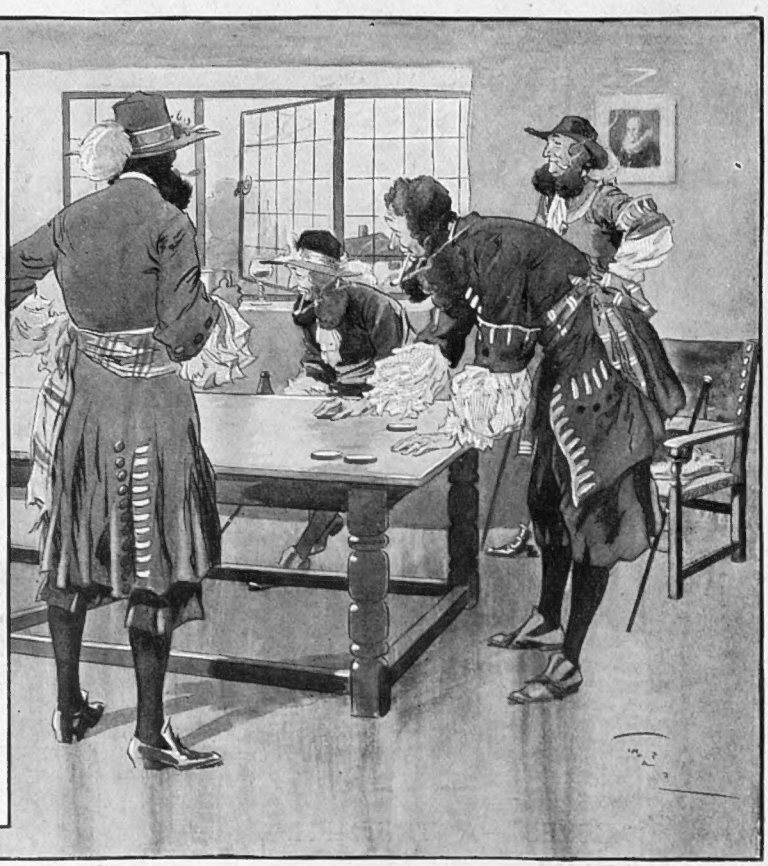

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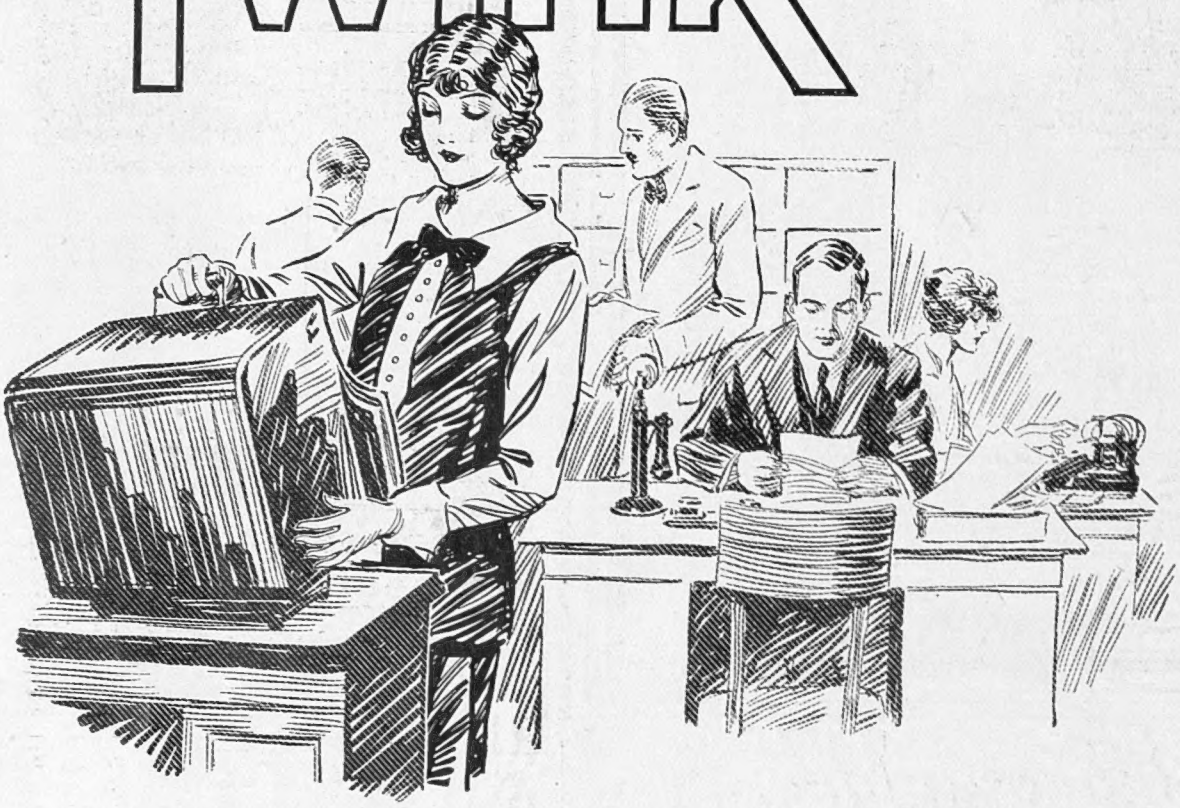

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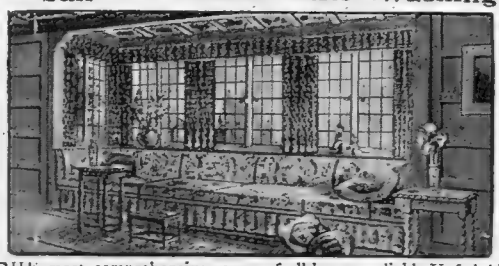

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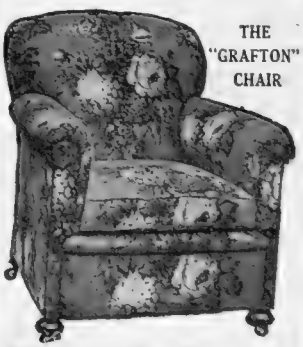

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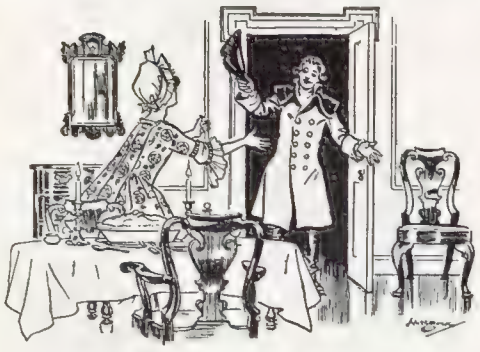

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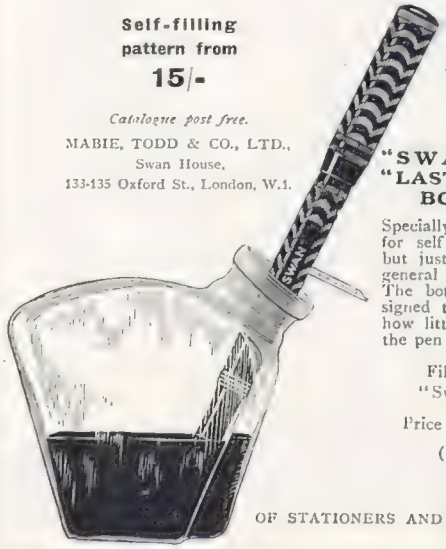

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The Bystander, February 28, 1923 · No. 1004. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

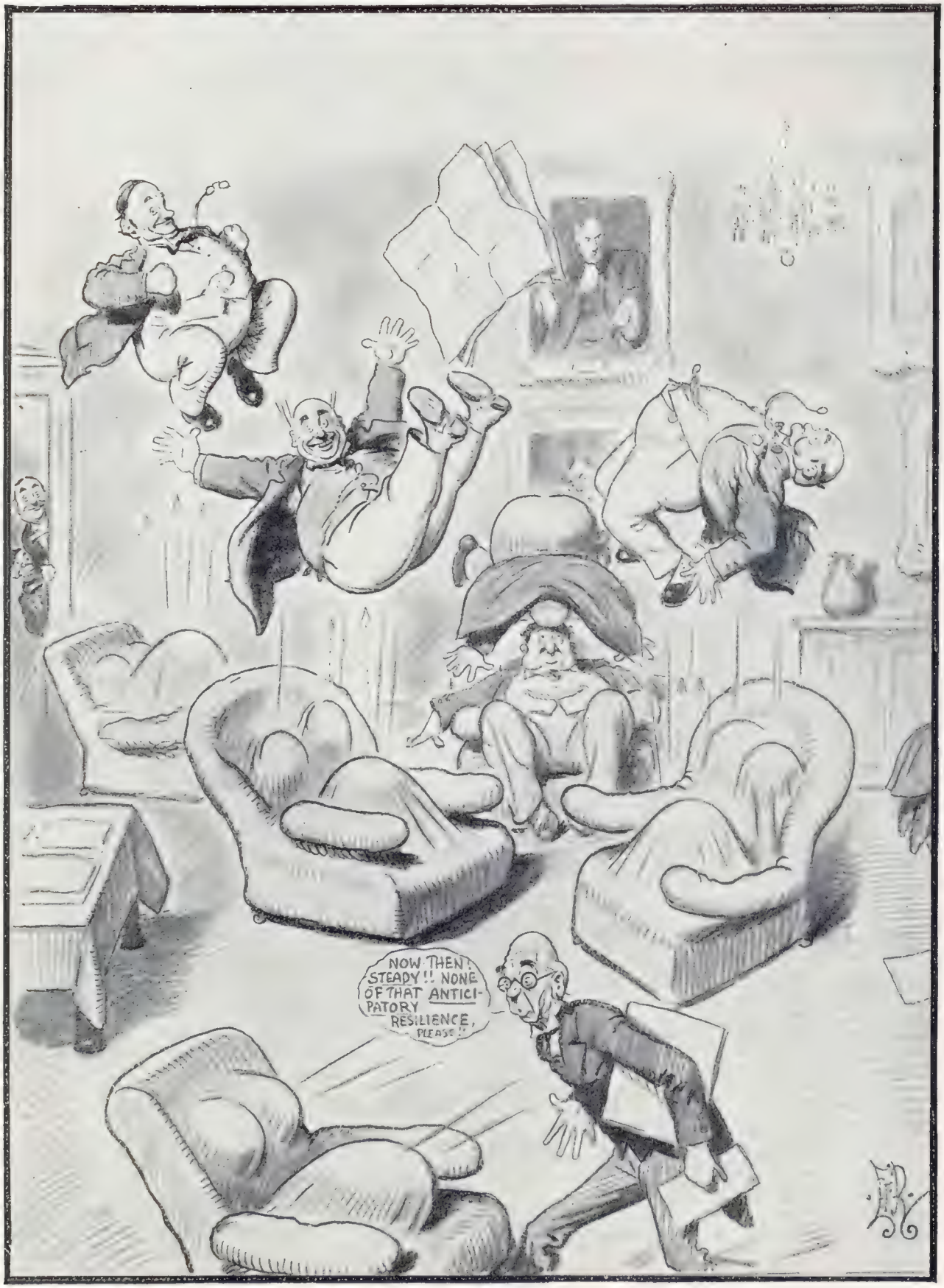
Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

MRS. CYRIL CUBITT

The wife of Captain Cyril Cubitt, the only son of Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt. Mrs. Cyril Cubitt was the daughter of the late Major Barrington Crake, and is the sister of Lady Montagu of Beaulieu

"Jumping Furniture"

AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR



BY E. T. REED

"Upholstering Rubber" and "Giant Springs" (mentioned as two attractive exhibits of the British Industries Fair) are, we sincerely trust, shown *in combination* and not separately. They promise many a healthful and exhilarating afternoon in the London clubs

"All the World's a Stage"

Winter Sports

With the snow drifting to a depth of twelve feet in the High Peak district of Derbyshire, winter sports were in full swing last week. Indeed, the only difference between Buxton and Mürren was that the former was nearer home, and much less trouble to get at.

Easily Satisfied

In the opinion of many people this accessibility is a great drawback. These strange folk love to sleep in a railway carriage, and wake up at five in the morning with seven different sorts of cramp, for which a cup of poor tea seems inadequate compensation. Myself, I have had as much fun on a tin tray in Yorkshire as I have had in Switzerland, but then, I am easily satisfied:

I am a simple sort of chap,
I hate to dash across the map;
I've been to France and Germanee,
But—England is the place for me!

I've braved the North Atlantic swell,
And braved that awful thirst as well;
I've tasted joys of Libertee,
And—England is the place for me!

I'm sliding down Life's giddy track,
And, as there is no going back,
I kiss the girls upon the quay,
But—England is the place for me!

Devil's Jumps

Much greatness has been thrust upon the three little hills near Hindhead, known to members of picnic parties as the Devil's Jumps. Something untoward is about to happen to them—either they are to be dug up and taken away, or turned into something entirely different. I'm sorry I can't tell you more about it, but I was more interested in their prehistoric past than in their immediate future. For I have known many Devil's Jumps in my time. There were the three white marks in the Sussex downland from which the Devil "took off" after failing to drown the Weald by letting in the sea, and something very similar exists in the Tom Brown country above Uffington. But why the Devil's hoof should scour the turf on one occasion and raise a lump on another, I can't quite make out.

Babel and Babylon

"She worked in London" is the laconic description of a young country girl who came to a bad end the other day. Can't you see the old village wives holding up their hands above the foaming wash-tubs, and finding in that simple epitaph an explanation covering anything that might have happened. For, as they know at Upper Igham and Little Biddlecombe, London is still the Babel and Babylon of our great-grandmothers' nightmares. In the same way, the stage manages to retain all its traditional vices

(*Continued on page 487*)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
BILLY REVELL & FLORIANE supported by RECTOR'S CAPITOL ORCHESTRA, RENEE KELLY & CO. LOIE FULLER'S BALLET FANTASTIQUES, WILLIAM BOLAND, FRANK COCHRANE, NINA GERARD, Etc.

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The ROBERT EVETT Production.
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Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

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Evenings at 8.30. Mats Wed., Fri. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS. (6th New Programme).
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Box of 3 large tablets 3/6.
Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from
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when it is there discussed. For does not every little drab who is hauled out of the gutter to face the London magistrates describe herself as an actress, and is not the story of her downfall carried into the rural districts?

A Virtuous Hobby

A WOMAN has starved herself to death in the cause of charity. So obsessed was this good lady in her virtuous hobby, that she gave all her money away, and died quietly in self-imposed squalor. I hope this will be an object lesson to those professional alms-cadgers who are never happy unless they are importuning us on behalf of some alien race who should be quite capable of looking after themselves. In the same way, there are insurance touts who frighten fond parents into paying larger premiums than they can afford. These people are responsible for endless suffering. I've got *them* on my list!

HIS RENT "RESTRICTION" ACT
BOSCAWEN: "A stitch in time saves nine"

By H. H. Harris

Oh, those Bullies!

THE boys are back for their flying half-term visit, and fond mothers, having read the recent rubbish about school bullies, are trying to get at the truth of things. Have you ever tried to get a schoolboy to admit that he was bullied? I have—once! I asked a youngster of mine if that sort of thing went on at his school. He admitted that there might be something in it. Warming to the scent, and with my handkerchief all ready, I pleaded for further particulars. "Well," replied this mighty scrap of nothing, "I've laid out one or two!"

Lights of London

As you know, I love to stand in Piccadilly Circus or Shaftesbury Avenue, and watch the coloured lights winking and blinking on the huge sky signs. Advertisement hoardings in rural districts are an abomination, but I have nothing but praise for these jolly fellows that tell me what I should drink and smoke, and so on. Consequently, the fine coloured double pages in *The Graphic* have pleased me intensely, and turned me into an early Spring poet.

New lights, blue lights,
Dancing up and down;
Merry lights like Very Lights
  Twinkle through the town.
Laughing lights that star our nights
  In weather wet or fine—
Turn again and kiss again
  When Lights of London shine.

No Politics!

SOME difficulty was experienced, apparently, in finding a chairman for a recent lecture on Russia by a gentleman named Rabinovitch. The lecturer, a director of the "Arcos Ltd." whose activities at Soviet House have been the subject of some recent unfavourable criticism, is said to have objected to the selected chairman because of his anti-Bolshevik views, and refused to deliver the address unless a change was made. So although politics were strictly avoided during the meeting, they had evidently crept in somehow as a decided accessory before the fact.

G. B. S. and the Chair

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW had previously been invited to the chair, but declined with characteristic vehemence. (Everything Shaw utters nowadays is inevitably described as "characteristic"!) "Don't waste a good speaker by making him a chairman," he wrote. "Either put a dummy in it or *take it yourself*." All this, mark you, to the harassed organiser of the lectures, who settled the vexed question of chairmanship by taking Mr. Shaw's advice, and who, by thus explaining his presence, provided the only entertainment in what was, after all, a very tame affair.

Photograph *Central News*

AT THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW

The King and Queen, with the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, visited the Royal Agricultural Hall last week, at which His Majesty presented prizes and trophies to the winners. The King, who was just beaten for first place with his yearling colt, "Lucky Dog," is seen here talking to Mrs. Stanton, who won the stallions over-four-years class with "Harboro' Nulli Secundus," the champion of last year

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Some Reflections on Lent

LENT, of course, makes a difference in the social round. Nobody would give big balls, parties or dinners during that time, yet those odd people who have gone back to the purely mediæval conception of Lent would have us do nothing at all, not even go to a theatre or cinema!

It's curious and interesting how this idea of shutting yourself up and leading a life of at least a modified penance has spread in the last few years. Lots of people have strong convictions on the matter, and however strongly one may disagree, one must always respect convictions. But, actually, these convictions are based on social conditions which obtained four centuries ago, and long before that.

You see, once upon a time priests ruled the daily life of England. In this country, and all over Europe, the amount of food that people ate and the amount of drink they drank in mediæval times is staggering to us moderns. It was quite an ordinary thing for people to "die of a surfeit."

Whoever dies of a surfeit now? And that is my point. When all the world gorged and stuffed it was a splendid physical and mental discipline for the world to abstain from the fleshpots and wine-bowls in Lent. A full stomach is a foe to serious thinking. The priests knew that. Abstinence attuned the mediæval mind to the reception of higher things.

You find precisely the same arrangement amongst the Mahomedans. Turks and Arabs make the chief meal of the day a repletion. The Mahomedan Feast of Ramadan corresponds to our Lent—except that the Mahomedans fast all day and eat at night.

Well, we don't overeat ourselves nowadays, and for the big majority fasting means a weakening of physical power. I once knew a very devout Duchess who looked like a housekeeper, and parted her hair in the middle on principle. She was really a good soul, but her ideas of how to be good defeated the responsibilities laid upon her by her position.

All through Lent she used to eat something she called "pulse," a horrible, pallid-looking mess, all the more revolting because it was served on a silver plate by a powdered footman.

The result of the *régime* of "pulse" was that when Lent was over the Duchess was exhausted and had to go to her bed, and could take no part in local duties or representation in London for weeks afterwards. To my mind, there's the whole question of Lent in a nutshell.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

IN THE LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTRY

Mrs. Charles E. Perkins, Jr., of Burlington, Oowa, U.S.A.—one of the many American riders to hounds this season. She has rented Dalby Hall, Colonel and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp's lovely house at Melton Mowbray, and frequently hunts with the Quorn, Cottesmore, and Belvoir

Photograph *Lafayette*

MARRIED TO-DAY

Lady Margaret Pleydell-Bouverie, one of the Earl of Radnor's five beautiful daughters, whose marriage to Captain Gerald Barry, The Coldstream Guards, takes place to-day at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Irish Destruction

THOSE of my readers who knew the late Lady Carew, and I think they must be many, will be grieved to hear the sad news from Ireland.

Photograph *Sport and General*

WITH THE WORCESTER PARK BEAGLES

A recent meet of the Worcester Park Beagles at Gatton Hall, Merstham, which attracted many keen Surrey folk from that picturesque neighbourhood

Lady Carew was one of the most skilful embroiderers in the country. The talent that was given to her sister, Lady Cory, in music, seemed to have been given her with the needle.

One of Lady Carew's biggest works was making tapestries from Burne-Jones's pictures. The set hung at the Carew seat in Ireland, Castle Boro, was fixed to the walls. When the castle was burnt to the ground a little time ago, all the skill, the thought, the time and industry Lady Carew had devoted to those tapestries went up in flame and smoke. They were utterly destroyed. It makes one feel sick.

Photograph *Photopress*

MRS. LOUISA CALVERLEY

The newly elected President of the Essex Agricultural Society, and a popular huntswoman in the Essex country. She is a daughter of the late Sir Brydges Henniker, Bart., and the wife of Major H. W. Calverley, of Oulton Hall, Yorks.

Photograph] **AT COMBERMERE ABBEY** *[Poole, Watcrford*

Sir Kenneth Crossley, Bt., Lady Crossley, and their two daughter sat Combermere Abbey, their home in Cheshire—at one time the residence of Katherine Duchess of Westminster. Sir Kenneth, who, when at Magdalen, rowed bow in his college eight, is chairman of Crossley Motors, Ltd.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley

LORD CHOLMONDELEY'S tumble adds yet another to the unusually big list of hunting accidents this season. It is not many men of sixty-five who ride so hard to hounds as Lord Cholmondeley. But the Cholmondeleys are a family of sportsmen.

Lord Cholmondeley's eldest son, Lord Rocksavage, if not so keen on hunting as his father, expresses the family spirit in polo and in tennis. He and Lady Rocksavage, who is Sir Philip Sassoon's sister, are regular visitors to Cannes for the winter tennis season. In the summer in London Lord Rocksavage is in most of the polo games at Ranelagh, and Lady

Photograph G. P. U.

DOES THEIR "DEAR OLD MAMMIE" KNOW THEY'RE OUT?

This is not the introduction of a new fashion in Men's Hats for Spring Wear, though from the extremely chic appearance of some of our theatrical managers (*vide* Mr. Bertie Meyer, second from the left) it might be quite a safe forecast for future stage events! It is merely a flashlight photograph of a very successful "Plantation" dance given by the Midnight Follies recently

Rocksavage plays tennis there most days of the week.

Lady Rocksavage has come into close contact with—

"Matters of State and of might,
Things that great Ministers do"

for when her brother entertained Mr. Lloyd George, and the French and other plenipotentiaries at Lympne, his house on the Kentish coast, during the many Peace *pourparlers*, Lady Rocksavage acted as hostess.

Funny, isn't it, how far away and unreal those conferences seem now?

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

AFTER THE BARRAGE HAD LIFTED

Lady Honor Ward (Lord Dudley's eldest daughter) and her husband, Mr. Allan Bridgeman, of New Zealand, emerging safely out of a confetti bombardment after their wedding at Himley Parish Church last week

A Joint Heritage

LORD CHOLMONDELEY and Lord Lincolnshire share an hereditary title between them. They are both Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England. I can't go into reams of history to show you how they both had the right, because THE BYSTANDER is not a publication of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and so, consequently, there isn't room. So you will have to put up with the bare statement that each had equal rights by descent.

It was an awkward situation, but some brilliant person suggested that the two families should take the duties of Lord Great Chamberlain of England turn and turn about. And so it has been settled for ever and ever.

At a Coronation

THE Lord Great Chamberlain of England only comes into actual office for a Coronation. Then he does for Westminster Abbey all that the Lord Chamberlain does for Court functions. There are certain other functions, too, which come under his direction, but a Coronation is the most important of all. Following the arrangement of alternate turns in office, Lord Cholmondeley was the Lord Great Chamberlain during the reign of Edward VII; Lord Lincolnshire is the Lord Great Chamberlain during the present reign.

Country Marriages

PERHAPS I am old-fashioned, but I confess I like to hear of the sons and daughters of our great territorial folk marrying from their country homes and amongst the kindly country people who have known them all their lives. I'm sure it tightens the bonds of friendship and understanding between what the Socialists call "the classes"—bonds that the pinch of the purse are loosening and breaking nearly everywhere.

For years to come Lady Honor Ward's marriage to Major Bridgeman in the village church she has attended since she was a little girl, will be remembered amongst the villagers and her father's tenants.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS DOROTHY HASTINGS

Whose marriage to the Earl of Eltham, elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, is to take place on April 10. The bride-to-be is a niece of Lord Huntingdon, and her future husband is, of course, Queen Mary's nephew

Photograph] **SOME EXPECTANT BEAGLES** *[Photo. Illus.*

A recent meet of the Guildford and Shere Beagles at Reris Grange, Milford

Photograph *Central News*

LADY URSULA GROSVENOR

Who has celebrated her recent coming of age by becoming engaged to Mr. "Jack" Anthony, the well-known steeplechase jockey—at least, so 'tis reported. A caricature of her fiancé, especially drawn for our readers by "The Tout," will be found on another page

The Queen's Nephew

I see that Lord Eltham, the Marquis of Cambridge's eldest son and a nephew of the Queen, is also to be married in the country. His bride-to-be is Miss Dorothy Hastings, daughter of the Hon. Osmond Hastings and a niece of the Earl of Huntingdon. They are to be married at Loughborough in April. Lord Eltham's mother, the Marchioness of Cambridge—known so long as Princess Adolphus of Teck—is an aunt of the Duke of Westminster.

Our Frontispiece

MRS. CYRIL CUBITT is the younger of the late Major Barrington Crake's two beautiful daughters. She married Captain Cyril Cubitt, the only son of Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt, four years ago. Countess Riccardi-Cubitt was the only child of the late Count Riccardi, a life-long friend of King Humbert of Italy, and for many years his personal *aide-de-camp*. Count Riccardi-Cubitt is a cousin of the present Lord Ashcombe. Mrs. Cyril Cubitt's sister is Lady Montagu of Beaulieu.

The Riviera Week by Week

At the Sporting Club—always very full between five o'clock and seven in the afternoon—there are all sorts of clothes to be seen, from the sporting woolly suits to the most beautiful afternoon frocks and hats, and, of course, wonderful pearls, worn in ropes and round the wrist. The Ambassadeurs Restaurant, too, is very popular for tea and dinner. Lady Wilton, Lady de Trafford, Miss Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Whitaker (over for a few days from their villa at San Remo), and Mr. Eric Mackenzie were among recent diners. The Hotel Bristol, at Beaulieu-sur-Mer, is fuller than ever, while at the Café de Paris Ted Trevor and Dina Harris are showing to "capacity houses" in their graceful exhibition dancing, and have scored a great success. The Belgian couple, Jonesko and Enneroy, too, share the laurels in a different *genre*—clog-dances, with some very strenuous variations.

The prettiest dress I have seen for a long time was worn by Mrs. Tod at the Sporting Club Fancy Ball in the pretty rooms of the Parc Palace. It was after the famous picture of a famous dancer, La Carmargo, by a famous artist, Lancret. Bridge and musical teas every day now. Among the guests at one given by the Mont Agel golf secretary were Lord and Lady Mar, Marquise de Malaissye, Mr. and Mrs. Gomer Berry, Sir George and Lady Colthurst, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper Smith, General and Mrs. Pollok McCall, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Miss Victoria Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland, Comte and Comtesse Limburg Stirum, Mr. Strauss, Mr. and Mrs. Edulph Swinton, Mrs. Chunn, Mme. Devot, the Misses Maclachlan, Lady Walsingham, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Twining, Sir John and Lady Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Crichton, Mrs. Rickman, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, Miss Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carter, Lady Eardley Wilmot and Miss Matthieson Smith.

New dancing clubs spring up like mushrooms in the night. The Trianon, with its White Lyric Band and scrambled eggs, is the latest rival to the overflowing halls of the Carlton, famed for its Welsh rarebit, and the Café de Paris, etc. Cap d'Ail is also not behind with a new dance club. No signs of "farewell to meat" here, but the very devil incarnate of carnival gaiety and reckless jollity. A masked ball at the Casino on Tuesday night, and a wonderful show till all hours at the Carlton, especially on Friday nights, when the gala dinners are jolly good. Tables are taken weeks in advance.

Photograph *Ch. Cresp.*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Dressed for the part at the Cannes Polo ground

Photograph *The Bystander*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF HESSE

In unconventional mood at Cap d'Ail, where they are staying for a few weeks

The rate of exchange has not affected the prices of hotels this year, as the prices of foods and other expenses have not risen, as they formerly did, in sympathy. Prices are extraordinarily low except in the hotels *de luxe*, where people seem to like being exploited.

THE "TEE" AT THE CLUB-HOUSE

Mr. Felix Rose, O.B.E., Lord Airedale, Mrs. Clement Hobson and Mr. Joe Coyne "teeing off" at the Mont Agel Golf Course

THE most important meeting of the *prima donnas* of the racket since Wimbledon begins at Monte Carlo this week, for the International Challenge Cups. Think of it! Mlle. Lenglen, Miss Kathleen McKane, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. Craddock, Mrs. O'Neill, and many other great players from far countries. Many of them are already practising on the La Festa courts. Among the men Comte Balbi defends his cup, other Italians entered being Mr. H. L. de Morpurgo (who was at Cambridge) and M. C. Colombo. Among the Americans are Mr. J. R. Tunis and Mr. Robert James, while the big French contingent includes M. Samazeuilh, M. H. Cochet, and M. A. Gerbault, and the British such well-known players as Lord Rocksavage, Captain Hillyard, "Philathlete" and Messrs. Ritchie, Gordon Lowe, Wallis Myers, Hunter, Leo-Lyle, Leighton Crawford, Marion Crawford, Doust, Marsden, Morgan, Roosevelt, Scovell, etc.

SIR THEODORE and Lady Angier have been some time at the Righi Hotel at La Turbie to be nearer the golf. M. and Mme. Venisélos have rejoined the golf club. Two years ago he learnt the game here, and absorbed the Secretary's large golf library with as much ease as his pre-war nectar of the northern gods. The Gaekwar of Baroda, Dame Nellie Melba, Prince George and his aunt, Princess Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. Gomer Berry have also been up. The Princess is spending some time at the Imperial Hotel at Menton, where Sir Frederick Treves, the surgeon and friend of King Edward, found her a suite. And surely no one is better qualified to be Her Royal Highness's guide, philosopher and friend here than the charming author of *The Riviera of the Corniche Road*.

Photograph *L. Navello*

AT MONTE CARLO

The Hon. Sir Sydney Greville, K.C.V.O., and Lord Cheylesmore taking a "constitutional"

Photograph *Earnest*

ON THE CARLTON COURTS

Colonel Dudley, who has been showing excellent form with the racquet in recent Riviera tournaments, and his wife at Cannes

THE Italian gala night at the opera was crowded with a very distinguished audience of music-lovers, including, of course, the popular Monaco Royalties and the Duke of Connaught. Giordano's *André Chenier* was very warmly welcomed, and the composer, who was present, received a tremendous ovation. The opera season this year is vastly superior to last year's, which was a bad failure, and many very fine performances have already taken place. Dame Nellie Melba is at the Eden Hotel, Cap d'Ail, and is on the lookout for tenors for the company she is organising to delight her native Australia.

Photograph *Le Noir*

AN AMERICAN SCULPTRESS AT CANNES

Miss Florence Kane, who is spending the season at Cannes. Combining business with pleasure, she has found some pleasing subjects for her chisel among the English visitors on the Riviera

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To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

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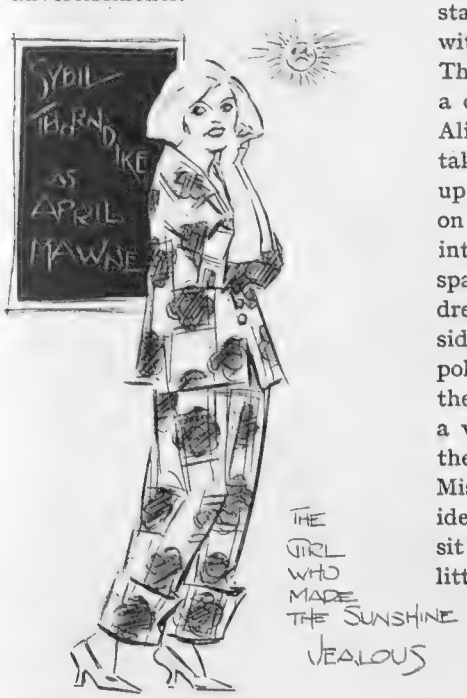
In the second act we see April Mawne in her dressing-tent at a garden-party in a nobleman's grounds. I think I understood that the function was a charity fête designed to raise funds for the orphans of celibate sailors, and to judge by the attendance and the enthusiasm of the guests, the object was considered a very worthy one. April has undertaken to give extracts from her various film plays, and these consist, apparently, of running out of her tent, making a few faces, and then retiring amid loud applause.

Even here, however, the energetic Mr. Hobart is restless in his craving for more, and still more, advertisement. Once it occurs to him that it would be a distinct "scoop" if he and April could be divorced. After all, it is apparently very easy to get divorced nowadays. You just stay out all night, and your wife tells the police, and the lawyers wangle the rest. April's difficulty, however, is that she does not want to leave her husband. He retorts that she would not have to do so, as they could, of course, go on living together in the same old way, in spite of the *decree nisi*. It seems to me that a man with a thick skin like Hobart absolutely earns the advantages he gets from his advertisements.



During the proceedings at the garden-party Hobart gets another brain wave. He will hire a number of rowdies to storm April's tent to give the idea that the public's enthusiasm for her has broken bounds, and that police protection for her will in future

be necessary. Indeed, he contrives to get a few special police on duty outside the tent, by way of a puff preliminary, as it were. Then there is the incident of the Princess, and here Hobart rises to really great heights. A Princess has expressed a wish to meet "April," and the question is, what kind of a scoop is to be got out of a windfall like that? Hobart is not only a man of ideas, but a man of action as well. He hurries out and finds a flashlight photographer, and then stage-manages the scene with magnificent coolness. The Princess is played with a charming dignity by Miss Alice O'Day, who must, I take it, have seen a "close-up" of Royalty, as they say on the films. She walks into the tent where the sparkling April and her elderly dresser are standing side by side a little nervously, and politely inquires which of them is Miss Mawne. This is a very delightful touch, and the house took it up at once. Miss Mawne having been duly identified, she is invited to sit beside the Princess for a little informal chat. This is Hobart's opportunity. It is practically picking up the star ad. of his life. He motions to his wife to get a little nearer the royal lady and to wear the air of animated conversation, and then he gives the word to his accomplices to go. There is the usual blinding flash of light, and the snap is taken. No one is more surprised and disappointed than Hobart to learn that he has been guilty of an act of grave impropriety, and that the negative must be surrendered immediately.

After the Princess has taken her very graceful and dignified departure the rushing of April's tent is duly proceeded with, the struggle with the police being quite realistically done. The climax of the story comes, as it should, in the last act, and completes a play that is as fresh and amusing as any we have had in Town for a long while. Miss Margaret Yarde as the "factotum, confidante and dresser" of April Mawne makes the most of a small part, and speaks her lines in a way that gives due emphasis to their sparkling wit. Mr. Frank Cellier as the resourceful Hobart is a hustler of the best kind, and some of his playful nonsense is so near to truth that it provokes very genuine laughter indeed. Mr. Lawrence Anderson as the modern young man plays with an impressive strength, and he spoke his farcical lines with a grave earnestness that gave them an added quality. *Advertising April* is a play to be seen. JINGLE

The Bystander in Luxor

It goes without saying that at Luxor—even more than elsewhere—King Tutankhamen is the staple topic of conversation at all hours of the day: he is discussed from every point of view, with or without expert knowledge. The heart's desire of every visitor is to obtain permission, by fair means or foul, to enter the tomb (it is referred to now as "The Tomb," *tout court*); or, since that is forbidden, to peer wistfully down the entrance thereof, and perhaps, on a lucky day, to see some of the treasures carried out.

Even without the added interest of "The Tomb," however, Luxor is as popular as ever this year, and the Winter Palace Hotel is nearly full up. Dancing, tennis, dahabieh trips and donkey expeditions are in full swing. The greatest attraction of all, perhaps, to those with a sense of humour, and a few piastres to risk, is the weekly race meeting organised by the Luxor Gymkhana Club. There is no other race meeting in the world quite like it. There are horse races, the jockeys being picturesquely robed natives, who career wildly round the course, frequently bare-back, to the accompaniment of much shouting from the crowd (also native); there are donkey races, some for visitors, some for the donkey-boys who have to ride face-to-tail; and above all there are camel races, when the excitement waxes higher than ever, and the growling of the riders is hardly less fierce than the arrogant snarling of the camels themselves. The Arabs have but little idea of rules and regulations, and disputes and disqualifications are frequent; but there is a delightful informality about the whole affair which, in the opinion of most visitors, knocks Ascot into a cocked hat!

Among the many visitors to Egypt recently were Miss Bridget Keir, the artist, who gave an exhibition of her charming water-colours at the Continental-Savoy, Cairo; Sir Horace and Lady Pinching and their daughter; Lady Somerleyton (who expects to stay in Egypt until the end of April, as does also Lord Mount Edgcumbe), and Sir Henry Webb, the former Liberal M.P. for the Forest of Dean Division, who, with Lady Webb, stayed at Shepheard's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Loeffler, of 51 Grosvenor Square, stayed at the Semiramis on their way to the White Nile, where they have gone on a big game hunting expedition, accompanied by a party of friends, which included Miss Myrtle Farquharson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, Lord Claud Hamilton, Captain Ward, Major W. S. Pilcher, and Captain the Hon. Roger Coke.

There is no lack of good music in Cairo just now. The Chamber recital at the Bergrunn Conservatoire recently attracted quite a large audience, including Viscount and Viscountess Allenby. *La Tosca* has been excellently played at the Opera, and great interest was taken in the revival of Zandonai's *Francesca da Rimini*, which was first given here during the season of 1920-21.

J. S.

Photograph] PHARAOH'S FASHIONS IN FANCY DRESS [*Phil Jones*

Old Tutankhamen has a lot to answer for, the recent revival of an Egyptian costume being an additional and somewhat fearsome terror to Fancy Dress Balls. When well carried out, however, as in the case of the Committee of the Pen and Palette Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the result is both artistic and effective, as our photograph shows

Another Dead-head

BY TONY CASTLE

HE: "What did you think of the leading man's new gag last night?"
SHE: "How he must have laughed!"
HE: "Who?"
SHE: "Tutankhamen"

"If Winter Comes"—To Two Continents At Once!

MR. JOHN HOWELL

MISS BARBARA HOFFE

MR. GARRY MARSH

MISS JEAN ROBERTSON

MR. OWEN NARES

MISS AILSA GRAHAM

Mr. John Howell and Miss Jean Robertson are playing "Mark Sabre" and "Nona, Lady Tybar" in the triumphant march of "If Winter Comes" in the provinces. Mr. Garry Marsh and Miss Ailsa Graham are to portray the same rôles in Australia, while Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Barbara Hoffe—but, of course, you've seen them at the St. James's

Photographs by Vaughan & Freeman, Le Dernier Cri, Maull & Fox, and Stage Photo Co.

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. XII.—THE PROPOSED NATIONAL THEATRE

"I SEE in the papers, Mawruss, where this here Sig Thomas or Gus Thomas, or whatever his name is, has got up a plan with Mr. Erlanger that Congress should pass a law making a National Theayter," Abe Potash remarked to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, "which should be owned and controlled by the Government the same like the railroads during the War," and to have only one Government owned theayter in New York."

"For a start maybe," Morris suggested. "But you would see that so soon as the next Congressional election comes along, there would be a mad rush by every Congressman to get a Government-owned theayter for his congressional district, and the first thing you know, there would be a chain of theayters, just like there is now a chain of post offices owned and operated by the Government, with politicians and the relations of politicians playing all the parts in the plays the Government would put on."

"Maybe you're right," Abe said "but the idea at present is to have a theayter in New York like the big Government-owned theayter in Paris, and the Stadt Theayter in Berlin, where only the very best plays would be put on with only first-class actors."

"And do you suppose for one moment that Chicago would stand for that, or Boston either, not to say Kansas City, Omaha and Los Angeles?" Morris said. "Besides, Abe, you've got to consider that we ain't like them two countries about what this here Thomas calls the dramatic art: we don't take it so particular about actors. We have reached the point in this country where an actor has got nothing to fear from an audience even in the way of such soft vegetables as ripe tomatoes, and the consequence is that the difference between a popular American actor playing Hamlet, for instance, and a broken-down politician playing Hamlet wouldn't be so great as that the average American audience would notice it at all."

"Certainly if audiences could be induced to pay their good money for tickets for some of the plays which I myself seen in New York theayters, Mawruss, there don't seem no reason why the Government shouldn't go into the show business and make as big a success of it as some of the New York managers," Abe said.

"Actors to pass an examination in acting"

"Why not?" Morris agreed. "And you would probably be surprised to find out what a lot of talent there is among the politicians. Of course, there would be a great deal of graft connected with it. The chances is that whereas nowadays in the privately owned theayters, an actor who has got a part where he comes on once and says dinner is served gets paid forty dollars a week, y'understand, in the Government-owned theayters such cinch parts would be played by prominent politicians, who would get paid ten thousand a year. On the other hand, the long parts where an actor has got to work real hard and be on the stage throughout the show, y'understand, would be handed out to the minor politicians, in the same way that such minor politicians now hold hard-working jobs as deputy-commissioners and keeps regular office hours at thirty dollars a week, while the ten thousand a year Commissioner is up at Tammany Hall smoking good cigars and swapping stories with Mr. Murphy."

"But it's the idea of this here Gus Thomas and Mr. Erlanger that a Government-owned theayter would raise the quality of acting and play-writing, Mawruss," Abe protested.

"Maybe it is also their idea that the Government-built post offices and court houses, raised the quality of architecture and building, Abe," Morris retorted. "Also, Abe, if the Government would advertise for tenders from contracting playwrights of standard three-act bedroom farces, y'understand, with specifications calling for a minimum of two disrobing scenes, understand me, that wouldn't stop the Commissioner of Plays and Theayters of the Department of Commerce and Labor from accepting from the daughter of somebody who had contributed heavily to the campaign funds of the National Republican Committee, a mystery play where for four acts every

actor in the show gets suspected of killing the banker in the prologue, until at ten minutes to eleven the crime is fastened on the chief of police himself."

"But this is not the way the Government-owned theayter works out in France or Germany, Mawruss," Abe said.

"That's because their election laws are different over there," Morris declared. "It ain't possible for a play-writer in France or Germany to have an uncle who can deliver the entire Greek-American vote of the Twenty-third Assembly District of Paris or Berlin. The consequence is, Abe, the French and German governments buys bedroom farces strictly according to specifications, and if the farce ain't got the requisite number of indecent situations, it is rejected on its merits. But you know how it is over here, Abe, if a Republican administration was running a Government-controlled theayter, y'understand, a playwright could be already a regular Shakespeare, and if he wasn't also a regular Republican duly enrolled, he wouldn't stand no more chance of getting his play put on in a Government-owned theayter than any other Democrat would have of landing any other job in a Republican stronghold. As for aliens without a vote, writing plays for such a partisan organisation, Abe, the chances is that the only foreign show permitted in a Government-owned theayter would be Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, with an all-Republican cast."

"Well, if that was the way a Government-owned theayter was conducted under a Republican administration, it would anyhow provide the Democratic Party with a campaign issue for the next election, Mawruss," Abe said. "Instead of being able to accuse the Republican Party only of extravagance and corruption the way the Democratic Party has always done, Mawruss, Mr. Bryan and all them Democratic orators could point to the Republican Party's theatrical record and show how in play after play, y'understand, the curtain of the second act was rotten to the core, and that in practically 75 per cent. of the comedies produced during Mr. Harding's administration, the only person in the theayter who had a good laugh was the man that sold the tickets in the box-office."

"Say! For that matter the Democratic Party might even make one of the planks of its platform a pledge to put the Government-owned theayter under the Civil Service. In that case actors would have to pass an examination in acting and play-writers would be obliged to get a mark of anyhow 60 per cent. in play-writing," Morris said.

"That would be depriving both political parties of a whole lot of patronage of a useful kind, Mawruss," Abe said. "There's many a lawyer appointed to the Federal bench nowadays, Mawruss, which the President knows in his heart has got a better enunciation and delivery in addressing a jury than he has got brains in arguing an appeal, y'understand, and such fellers would make first-class, A number one bankers for murder purposes in mystery plays. In fact, there's many a United States Circuit and District Judge, Mawruss, which if there had been State-controlled theayters, instead of State-controlled courts, would have had his political debt paid by being appointed to a vacancy of a butler in an Avery Hopwood farce instead of a fourteen years term as judge, y'understand."

"Maybe that was this here Thomas's idea when he suggested the National Theayter," Morris observed.

"Maybe!" Abe agreed, "but to my mind, Mawruss, it will be a long time before there would be a Government-owned revival of Shakespearean plays, featuring Mr. William J. Bryan as King Lear, and Mr. Taft as Falstaff."

HICKSOGRAPHS

Arthur Bourchier and his "Beauty Chorus" in "Treasure Island" at the Strand Theatre

BY H. M. BATEMAN

SOULFUL

OH FOR A WIRELESS

BY BERT THOMAS

BOOM IN THE SHIRES!

FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY JEAN HARDY

IL PLEUT BERGÈRE

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

No. VIII.—THE WOMAN WHO DISAPPROVES

By DELL LEIGH

SHE is generally an aunt. She has nephews and nieces. All of them are in some respects unsatisfactory. It is such a pity.

They fail to come up to the standard she expects of her kith and kin.

They would be quite a nice, presentable couple, Muriel and John, if only they did not do and say such dreadful things, hold such shocking ideas about life. To hear Muriel talking about a married woman's rights and properties, the up-bringing (up-dragging *she* would call it) of children, the puerility of the average parson—well!

"I assure you, Anastasia, she used the word 'puerility' in connection with the clergy; I am not exaggerating (pass me my salts, dear), you know I *never* exaggerate. Wherever does she get these hideous expressions from, and so wicked, too? Certainly not from *our* side of the family."

Then her mind switches automatically to the nephew, John. She had great hopes of John, once, when he was a knickerbockered boy at school. But now——!

She tries to be charitable, acidly, and supposes it must be the Army influence, "and all that terrible time during the war when men got so coarse. . . ."

But John's manners nowadays! Of course, they aren't manners. He simply hasn't any. He actually said, the last time she saw him (he seldom calls nowadays, and when he does he leaves that distinctly vulgar, canary-coloured car outside with a stern like a hip-bath), "stuff and nonsense, Aunt Agatha, you are all wrong about that; that belongs to the year dot and carry one—more tea, please." She was relieved when he went. She was quite afraid the new parlourmaid—she had been at great pains to get her—would have been shocked and have given a month's notice. Servants are so *difficult*. . . .

But it is not only of Muriel and John that she disapproves. It is the whole world of Muriels and Johns that she eyes askance. In fairness to her it should be recorded that Muriel and John would never have turned out like this if *she* had been allowed a hand in their upbringing. But, then, of course, her sister, Marion, was always proverbially weak and lacking in character, in moral fibre. She disapproved of her when they were children together. She was always hopeless, poor dear. . . .

"To hear Muriel talking—well!"

She is not necessarily an old woman. She may be in the prime of life. She very often is. But having steered past the forties and drifted placidly, on a safely invested capital, into the self-satisfied harbour of the fifties, she there anchors her mental craft, on the most respectable and select side of the harbour, naturally, and having stowed away neatly any gear of her own that might be in the least exposed to criticism (assuming such a contingency possible), she settles down and views with a cold eye of disparagement all the other craft scudding scandalously about the water in her vicinity. The fact that she is meanwhile collecting a large amount of corroding barnacles about her own hull is of no moment. You may be sure they are the very *best* barnacles to be had, the same species, in fact, that would collect round the keel of the Royal yacht, were she lying there, as she would be, if in harbour.

She may or may not have married. If the former, you may be sure she has buried him long ago, and speaks of him with a half-stifled sigh, as of a man who has died before the country has had time to do him public honour. Obviously, he felt about things, deplored the shortcomings of the age, as she did; in fact, "as dear Herbert was always saying. . . ."

You feel he was of those who are "always saying."

But he has gone on, and left her in rather a cowardly fashion to continue her lament alone.

If she is still Miss Agatha Ironsides it is because, as her attitude towards matrimonial matters clearly indicates, no man came up to her expectations, her principles. Nevertheless, as she points out to you in a calm, authoritative voice (tinged with a great tolerance as becomes a great lady), "When I was a girl I had no difficulty in keeping men in their place—none. In *my* day men were more chivalrous towards women; they held them in respect. But then, of course, they had good reason to. In those

days, ah! . . . women did not lay themselves open to question in *any way*, my dear (looking hard at the Muriel of the moment), things are so different now; it is a crude, mannerless age, strident, ungentle, if I may say so."

Muriel being, as she explains at her club, later, "fed to the teeth with all this balderdash," picks up *The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley*, 1870-1911, and quotes, a devastating blow (she thinks)—a letter from Lord Wolseley, dated March, 1885 (the pure Victorian age), in which to his wife he writes:

"I entirely agree with you about these fast, indecently dressed women; they are simply disgusting. . . ."

The blow falls short, however, because Aunt Agatha, looking anxiously at Muriel's cigarette-ash hanging by a thread above the carpet, replies composedly:

"Yes, dear, but you don't believe *everything* you read in print, I hope?"

When you go and call on her at her house in the country on Sunday, as, indeed, you must occasionally if you have any eye whatever to the future, it is as a pilgrimage to some distant shrine, undertaken with great pain and tribulation, and left with a pæon of thanksgiving.

You are made to feel your clothes are all wrong. *Nice* people do not wear silk blouses with practically no shoulders at all. Or tweed suits on Sunday with spots of motor grease all down the trouser leg. You may smoke (a great concession, drawn from her as a wisdom tooth without gas), but *not* in the drawing-room. "No; I *must* draw the line at that." Seeing that seven-tenths of your visit, after the shepherd's pie and the Vichy-water lunch, are confined to the antimacassared drawing-room, where vicious-looking ancestors with sore-throat ties frown down upon you, your agony is acute and prolonged. You are bombed with pointed, and, in your view, highly indelicate questions about your irreligion, your mode of life, your love affairs and your debts. They are questions whose answers, if given honestly, would disclose you in a purple and puce light; consequently, you reply with an anti-aircraft of lies naked and unashamed. The trouble about this method of defence is that nothing about you and yours is ever forgotten. And when the thread of the insufferable conversation is resumed, as if without pause several months later, you cannot for the life of you remember which lie you told on the last occasion. A morass of muddle yawns menacingly through the mustard-colour Wilton pile carpet at your feet. . . .

But aunts die in the end, poor dears, and we assume their cloaks (and precious little else, as a rule) of disapproval of the disgusting type of youngster that is swarming up all round us and pushing us down into the pit of mediocrity and the emptiness of old age.

There is yet another type of woman who disapproves of everyone but herself—of whom she thinks highly.

She lives in the country. Here her days are spent, for the most part, in entertaining neighbours whose scope of social vision is as confined as her own, but whose houses and monetary circumstances are a size smaller. So that she is in command, down there. Also, she is kept fairly busy taking the salute from hat-lifting farm-hands and tenants as she swings by in her car. So that she leads a full life.

But when she comes to London it is into a Babylon of brute beasts. She finds herself entirely at issue with the swiftly moving world, wherein a man can be great to-day and to-morrow relegated to a couple of lines among the advertisements on page 13. In the Departmental Store, where she has gone to buy underclothes for the children, she is merely a unit among a thousand customers, and "a dam nuisance" at that. She is not Mrs. Grandbruit, of The Hall. "Yes, Modam, certainly, to-day without fail." Instead it is, languidly:

"Have you an account? Name, please?" And they wander off to *verify it*!

And the Grandbruits have the best shooting in Slopshire.

Consequently, at the end of the day, at night when nobody ever seems to go to bed, and full-dressed people wander in from dance club and theatre for the final drink, she takes the floor (the others being much too bored to mind) and expounds life as viewed from the Grandbruit standpoint.

You can picture the thorny path of her peregrinations through the day by the vinegary dialogue:

Present-day taxi-drivers should all be sent back to the Army to learn some manners. Something is radically wrong with the Tubes; she took a ticket to Brompton Road, and the infernal train never stopped there; badly organised line, very. As for the saleswomen in the shops, psh! give her the country girl every time. "I *do* say the women at the theatres are rude. It isn't the fact that you are wearing a hat at a matinée (do they expect you to come bareheaded in the middle of the afternoon, then?), it's the way they *order* you to take it off. Of course, they go to the other extreme at night by taking nearly everything off themselves—revolting! As for the prices in the restaurants—well, you are all crazy to pay them, that's all I've got to say. . . . Fat lot of use these London men are at getting a taxi after the theatre. Give me a nippy hunting man every time; they don't allow themselves to be edged out, not likely."

And so the dirge proceeds remorselessly.

"Poor old thing (she has stalked bellicosely off to bed), she's up from the country, y'know; touch of liver. All these countrywomen are like fish out of water in Town. . . . . God forbid that *I* should live in that back of beyond of hers; they haven't even got a telephone. Why, would you believe it——?"

And the disapproval of the tepid townswoman on the evils of the country begins, increases in vehemency and continues unchecked. You can't find a woman easily who doesn't disapprove of something, somewhere, sometime.

She would be devilish dull if you did.

But so long as she does not disapprove of you, wholly or in part, all is well.

I suppose there is a paragon, somewhere, who does not. Isn't there?

DELL LEIGH

Scatterbrains!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"George said if I didn't marry him he'd blow his brains out"
"But he has just proposed to Mabel"
"No! Has he? Then he must have got rid of them somehow!"

A DISQUIETING GAME

BY "PENDARVES"

It seems one can get to Leicester to a Rugger match on a Saturday afternoon almost as easily, certainly with less strain on one's nerves, as one can to Twickenham. I did not leave London until 12.30, and was in my seat in the Stand at 2.45. As regards getting away from it—a hideous business at Twickenham—the Leicester ground, being designed with that shrewdness which seems the natural attribute of the Midlander, has a delightful way of disgorging thirty thousand people from its many gates in less than half an hour, cars included.

I wonder why the Leicester people so thoughtfully mark off the portions of the ground in large white letters? Against the 25 line you see large figures "25 yards" written up, and similarly "Half-Way Line." Is it for the kindly instruction of spectators who are learning the game, or for the player who has received a hack on the head and would find it useful when endeavouring to pull himself together?

England *v.* Ireland was the meat laid before the *gourmets* of the game on this occasion; and while waiting for the fight that we imagined would ensue, Irishmen being concerned in the matter, on the part of members of the spectators we were entertained with the usual horseplay which has ceased to be funny. I refer to the tying on the top of the goal posts of an insignia of the climber's country. An Irishman, not to be outdone by the Leek merchant at Twickenham, must needs climb the left-hand goal post, and tie thereto a piece of green ribbon. Not to be outdone by this, an Englishman at the other end also climbs up, straddles the cross-bar and ties a rose on to it. Rugger cross-bars are not made to bear the weight of man; if it had snapped, as we all expected, the game would have been seriously delayed, and the return train service of specials to Town disorganised accordingly. A damfool trick. Four stalwart constables can obviate this nonsense in future.

It was a disquieting game for those whose minds wander to Inverleith for March 17 and wonder what will happen there. If England play then as they did against Ireland they will lose, and by a goodish margin of Scotch points. It leaves me cold to read that England "was not extended"; that they played "tolerantly towards an obviously inferior side." Both criticisms, in my humble judgment, are unfounded. England played an "off" game (except for flashes of individual brilliance), and on the run of *that* day's play I should imagine 3 to 1 on Scotland would have been easy money. Incidentally, one wondered why it was that only two members of Dublin University were included in the Irish side, seeing that the University are said to have the strongest team this year that they have had for many.

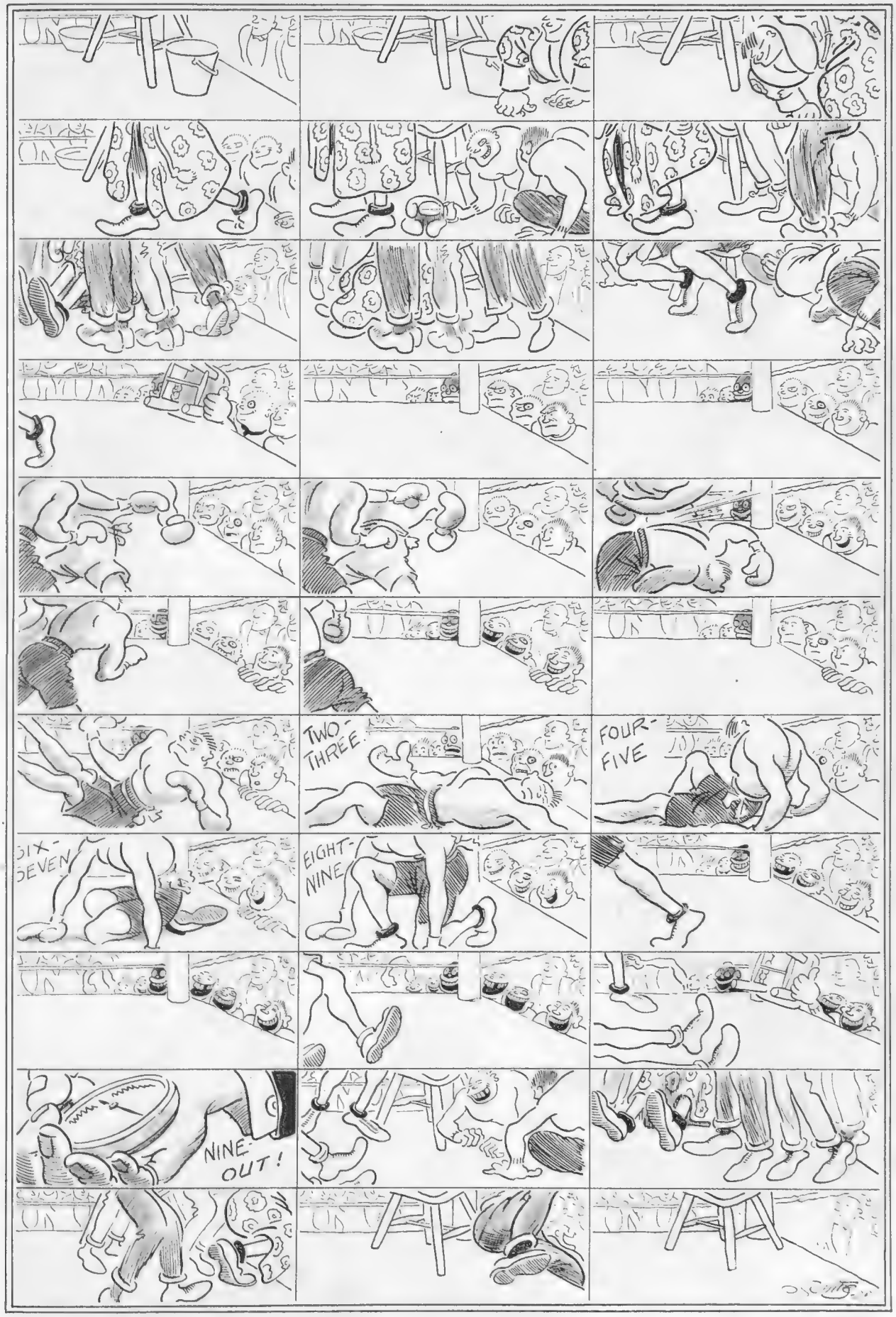
Certain marked incidents in the game stand out in my mind as indicative of the English team having been decidedly off colour. They took dangerous risks, and they experimented. One even saw Davies once or twice with the ball in his hand uncertain for the moment what to do with it, an unusual sight. Kershaw once (I can't conceive why) kicked a pass to Davies, and with a greasy ball! Lowe dashed right across the field to participate in a left-wing try that was no business of his, leaving his opposite number unmarked—also why? Perhaps the answer is that these giants of the game can do these things with impunity. Maybe. I trust they won't do them against Scotland, because I have more money than I can afford to lose on that game!

Having seen an almost incomparable English side play against Wales, one expected to see them do to Ireland what the Harlequins did the other day to the Army of the Rhine XV at Cologne, a 53-point affair. But not so. It wasn't a comfortable win, in spite of the score of 23 points to 5. It was an unsatisfactory performance by a team of masters, from whom one expects more than one got.

It amused us to see the way Corbett was allowed to sell dummies about the field, as if they were programmes. He found a purchaser every time. So much so that when Davies broke away from an embarrassing crowd of opponents, in his own half of the field, and started the Bristol man off on what proved to be a fruitful excursion into the Irish goal area, the latter hoodwinked several of the enemy in time-worn fashion by pretending to pass, swerving, and then carrying on in his own sweet way. It would seem to be about time for opponents in International matches to realise that when Corbett is running *ventre à terre* for their goal-line there is one thing to be done, and one thing only, and that is to go for his legs, and very swiftly, and to *bring him down*, and not to wonder whether he is going to pass, and to whom.

I feel sure that if there were any prospective Scotch Internationals present in the Leicester stands they must have set their teeth and said to themselves, "*Right*, my bonny boy, if that is your game we will attend to you, with that end in view."

And you may be sure they will.



BY SOUTHE

THE GREAT FIGHT

Our Romantic Age!

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

BROADCASTING ANNOUNCEMENT

"5—5 45 p.m.—Children's bedtime stories"

THE NEED TO SING

BY "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE has had it on the authority of a *haut personnage* that, since some little while, the French taxpayer has had the irresistible impulse to sing. At the time I have not been able to understand the reason for this, as there had not appeared

"A millionaire"

the pronounced reason to rejoice melodiously. But in the course of a visit to London I have grasped the secret of song, for I have learned of the amount which you pay in the income tax, and the comparison has been *melo*dious.

THUS is it that the most popular entertainment of the period in Paris is the operette, wherein the members of the audience are provided with the simple refrains which they can sing over and over and over again, once they have been presented to them by the actors.

WE have had the introduction of the mode with "Ta Bouche," which has astounded everyone by the extent of the initial success. This has contained two very cheerful tunes in "Ca, c'est une chose qu'on n'peut pas oublier" and "Machinalement," but not anyone has calculated that "Ta Bouche" could have so wondrously captured all affections. Yet now we have another winner in "J'te Veux," which does give the promise to have the run equivalent to that of "Ta Bouche." Everything, it is now clear, does lie in this need of the *contribuable* to sing; and the most sure proof of the certain vogue of the operette is that our very clever Sacha Guitry has constructed an operette for himself. To the general relief did he promise not to sing, but to leave that part of the entertainment to Yvonne Printemps.

BUT to speak more of "J'te Veux," because it is worth a little space, it has to be admitted that it is very thin and is not tremendously original. But a call has been made on no fewer than four composers who are all *à la page*, and they have ensured that the Marigny shall have the full houses for the many months. At the *première* the happy artistes have been compelled to repeat again and again the captivating airs, and the audience has wished to continue to sing until the dawn. Mlle. Jane Pyrac, who has introduced us to the fox-trot, "Le je n'sais quoi," has had the utmost of difficulties to bring an end to the repetition. One must let you have the words of this, for it is sure to go to London before long:

"The fox-trot, 'Le je n'sais quoi'"

C'est un petit je n'sais quoi
Qui se glisse en nous d'un air sournois;
Dans le cœur, ça nous fait chaud et
ça nous fait froid
Et c'est doux comm' de la poésie.

THERE is the more chance that you shall see "J'te Veux" in London than "Ta Bouche," because that it does not present the difficulties of the subject matter, which has made the adaptation of the latter into an English version impossible. The skilful adapters of the Gaiety should find the excellent substance for the employment of their ingenuity. The story is concerned with the necessity to maintain the name of Tapin. Associations with the Rue de la Paix will make clear the choice of

"Les décavés"

this far from pretty appellation. Mme. Tapin, who has established the successful house of dress-making, has divorced her husband, and has thus returned to her maiden name of Durieu. When the new wife of M. Tapin does seek also to create a *maison de couture*, the first wife is informed that she will have to cease the usage of the name which has become her principal business asset.

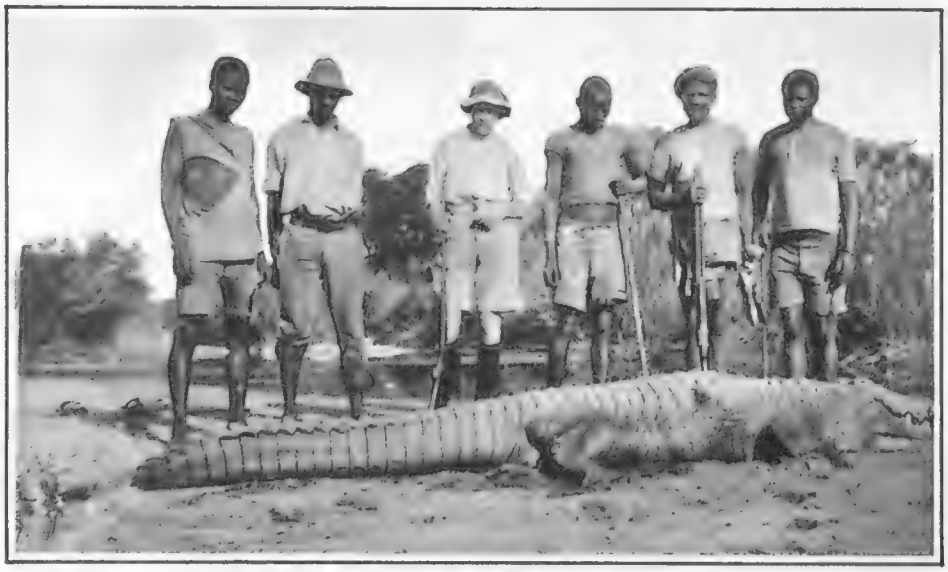
BUT Madame has the idea to rummage about and discover another M. Tapin, whom she most easily persuades to contract a *mariage blanc* at the small outlay of Fcs. 20,000. Thus the name is saved, and all does pass marvellously well until the new M. Tapin discovers how adorable is the wife whom he has married for a poor, passionless cheque. Then commence the complications, which, of course, it shall be necessary to moderate before they can be conveyed across the Straits of Dover. One cannot, of course, give the adequate conception of a playlet which does rest almost entirely on the gaiety of the music. But if one can convey the impression that we have had at least a temporary revival of the gaiety, that shall suffice.

NOT that one should wish it to be understood that this is altogether due to " J'te Veux." " Ta Bouche " must have the pride of place because it has given the lead, and there are the other developments which have contributed a considerable share to the rediscovery of the merriment. There is the gorgeous revue at the Casino de Paris, in which the *jambes éloquentes* of Mistinguett do vie with the exuberance of the music. There is the possibility that one may have every day the opportunity to become a millionaire if the proposal for a lottery, which is designed to meet the reparation bill, shall be effected. Another Deputy who does wish to restore the distractions of the *avant-guerre*—to help to pay the same bill—has the desire to reopen the Casino in the suburb of Enghien, which could mean that once again we might see the train of the *décavés*, on which those who have not had left sufficient money for the fare home have been able to reach Paris at the expense of the Casino.

"Pouche opens her heart to Armande"

AND there is also, to return to the theatre, " Pouche," which, though not an operette, but just a comedy, has the prospects nearly as favourable as those of the musical plays. " Pouche " is principally placed at Cabourg, which, as you shall recollect, is as supercilious in the attitude which it does adopt towards the neighbouring Deauville, as Cannes is towards Nice and Monte Carlo.

PERSONALLY, I have always found Cabourg as futile as Deauville, but I will allow that such a comment is an intrusion. *Certes*, Cabourg is a good background for " Pouche," which has an even greater mix-up in the matter of families than has " J'te Veux." A marquise (Armande) does adventure to the extent to change places with a milliner (Pouche) in order to discover the worth of a vicomte whom she is meant to marry. Thus does she discover that he has not anything like the worth of his chum, and after much of a shuffling everyone does find the right partner and is thoroughly satisfied. So is the audience, as one has indicated. Therefore, there is not the space for the discordant note anywhere. Merely the impulse to melody of the harmonious taxsmith. ROLAND



A QUIET DAY'S SPORT ON THE RIVER

A twelve-foot crocodile shot on the Ngezi River, 160 miles from Bulawayo, and the hunter, Master John Grant (ætat 15 years). This youthful sportsman lives on an asbestos mine in Rhodesia, and is a keen reader of THE BYSTANDER and the works of Captain Selous Hence this photo!

The Battle of Beckenham

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

On the Beckenham Cricket Ground, saturated about an hour previously by last Wednesday's thunderstorm, Cambridge beat Oxford in the 'Varsity hockey match by four goals to one. Had the turf been dry the match would probably have been more even, but as it was Cambridge fully deserved to profit by the way in which they adapted their play to the muddy conditions, some idea of which may be gleaned from Miss Kermode's sketches

HOW TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

WHETHER as the aftermath of Cruft's big Show, or a symptom of the coming of Spring, I don't know (my theory is that, up to the age of about ninety, all healthy people have a slight attack of Spring madness each year, and that, if wisely indulged and not "driven in," it's perhaps the jolliest part of life); but a big proportion of my February letters from BYSTANDER readers have been on the subject of Dog-buying.

"Let's have all the tips you can," has been the burden of most.

Well, I've done a rather exceptional amount of Dog buying and selling—I like the buying best—and I've found every single time that the most decent methods pay best. I wouldn't say I've tried indecent methods; but I've once or twice had a shot at being "sharp," or "smart"; and my verdict is (*a*) it's pretty beastly, and (*b*) it never really pays. So that's that.

Be fair and bold, courteous and firm. Whether buying or selling, be decided. Make up your mind before you speak. Know what you want. Stick to your convictions; they're far more important for you than other folks' opinions. Don't be so superior as to suppress or disregard your natural impulses, feelings, instinct; your "hunch." There's often more in these than in chaffering, policy, or even reasoning. The saving of a guinea or so is *nothing*, to balance against missing what you really want, or getting what doesn't satisfy. Best *is* cheaper than second-best, even when it does cost more. Courteous fairness (with all the firmness you like) attracts fairness; attempted "sharpness" tempts the most decent fellow to do you down a bit.

One of Well's characters—was it the ingenious Ponderevo?—used to say the secret of success was knowing when to say "Snap!"; and there's a good deal in it. Caution is all right, especially early on; but wobbling in front of a good thing often means losing it, and gaining only regrets. To buy a Dog you don't *like* is always a mistake, no matter what the price.

"Lovers of Collies, note this . . . ."

If you mean breeding, the first considerations are blood—pedigree—and health; *not* points and appearance. If you mean showing, the first consideration is points. If you mean neither, but getting a Dog pal, the first consideration is what you *like*; your feeling; not your theories, nor what the text-book says.

His home, rather than the Show-bench, is the best place in which to choose and buy a Dog. Be sure you get, *and write down*, detail of his dietary; if you want to change it, change gradually. "Over distemper" doesn't mean nearly so much as you might fancy. He may have it again; and, if you're careful he may never have it. If possible, buy from breeders, members of Dog Clubs, folk having something to lose, in the way of repute, etc.; they're not likely to have rubbish to sell.

Monetary safeguards? Well, there are Deposit Systems. That excellent journal, *Our Dogs*, makes it all clear. It holds your purchase money, and settles for you, when advised by both you and the seller that you're agreed; thus justifying your claim to have the Dog on approval. But, where feasible it's best to avoid sending Dogs about like parcels. "Going to the Dogs," yourself is best. Failing that, between strangers, the Deposit System is excellent, and bars out disputes.

Isn't it time British fanciers followed France's sensible example, and formed at least one club to foster breeding and training Dogs for guard and police work. We're all behind the other nations in this, though we breed many of the finest Dogs for the work.

One sometimes smiles over these Agony Column advts., about the noble incomes to be derived from Dog-breeding, if you acquire the secrets from this or that instructor. (The real secrets are common-sense and *continuous* conscientiousness.) But I welcome 'em—the more the merrier—because they're sure evidence of something more than recovery from War and post-War depression in Dogdom. Things are moving, moving briskly; and if British doggy folk are reaping a smaller share of the rewards then some others, it's their own fault. They have the best goods to offer, but they're ridiculously backward in the matter of publicity; of making their wares known.

Lovers of Collies, note this: The best book yet produced about the breed, and the most practically helpful that I've seen, has just been issued at the agreeably low price of 4*s*., *Show Collies and Shetland Sheepdogs*, by W. Baskerville—*the* recognised Collie scribe—("Our Dogs" Publishing Company, Manchester). It's lavishly illustrated, and altogether from the end bin.

Born 1820—*Still going Strong!*

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 22

HOLYROOD PALACE: Originally built by James IV in the 15th century, it was rebuilt by Charles II 1671-79. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" held his balls and levees in the picture gallery.

Johnnie Walker: 'Bonnie Prince Charlie! Your name still carries with it the Spirit of the North."

Shade of Prince Charles: "Yes, just as your bottles do at Home and Abroad."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

WHO'S THE LADY?

Pictures similar to this one appeared in several illustrated papers last week, accompanied by the somewhat bald and unconvincing announcement that they represented "a lady artist" sketching players in the Oxford and Cambridge hockey match. We think it only right in the circumstances to reveal to many people who must be thirsting to know, that the artist is the well-known (except apparently to the camera man) "Bystander" caricaturist Miss Phyllis Kermode. The sketches that she made appear on page 513

RUSSELL OF ESSEX

The first Englishman to make two centuries in a Test match. Incidentally these two scores helped materially to win the fifth Test match against South Africa and the first Test match rubber that England has won since the war

TEVIS HUHN (left)

The American Undergraduate winning the hurdles for his College, University, in the Inter-College Sports finals at Oxford. He also won the long jump and the low hurdles and so contributed materially to "Univ's" ultimate victory. New College were second

Photographs *Sport and General*

ETON'S ROWING SEASON OPENS: THE FINISH OF THE TRIAL EIGHTS

Which resulted last Tuesday in a win for the Dark Blue crew, coached by R. H. Mounsey Heysham, second captain of the boats, by three-quarters of a length from the Light Blues, coached by N. D. Burnell—son of C. D., the old Oxford Blue—captain of the boats. Seekers after omens may, perhaps, see in this result a tip for the bigger battle between Light and Dark Blue which is due to be fought fairly soon

NEW GOLF LINKS FOR LAUSANNE

Lausanne can now boast of an addition to its many amenities in the form of a nine hole golf course, with a character of its own, at a height of nearly 3,000 feet above the level of Lac Leman and yet easily accessible. Our photo was taken on the opening day

Photograph *Sport and General*

A. R. NALL-CAIN (Magdalen)

Who, with a remarkable round of 75 at Frilford Heath last Tuesday, won the Oxford University Golf Club President's Gold Medal by a big margin. R. H. Bettington, the cricket and "rugger" blue, was second with 80.

Photograph *Topical*

'S NO USE

The Quorn Hounds—complete with huntsman, the incomparable Wilson, in the centre—arriving in the park at Old Dalby Hall, the seat of Mr. C. J. Phillips, for a meet which, owing to the snow, could not become a hunt

Photograph *L. N. A.*

W. HICKS BEACH

Winner of the Eton Junior Steeplechase emerging from the water jump (which nobody tries to jump) just before the finish on Wednesday last. There were over 200 starters

Photograph *Bar*

AFTER A LITTLE GENTLE EXERCISE

Mlle. Lenglen and H. L. de Morpurgo, the Italian crack (left), who won the mixed doubles at the Carlton Club's open tournament at Cannes recently photographed with two of their victims, Mrs. Wray and Capt. J. T. Philipson

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

At Newbury

DID we see the National winner in that highly interesting race for the Newbury Steeplechase, which was run last week? When I saw the three placed horses in the unsaddling enclosure after the race I thought how difficult it would be to find three grander-looking 'chasers. Arravale, Old Tay Bridge, and Turkey Buzzard are certainly a magnificent trio in point of size and power. But good looks do not win a Grand National, and I venture to assert that all three will have considerable difficulty in conceding the weight to Libretto at Aintree next month. In the show-ring Libretto would certainly be placed behind the others. He is long in the back and runs up very light behind. But in 'chasing it is a case of "handsome is, etc.," and it seems to me that with only 10st. to carry Libretto represents a very reasonable proposition at Liverpool.

Whitaker's Pair

I HAVE always had a great admiration for Arravale, and it complicates the Grand National issue to know that he has such a formidable rival in the shape of his own stable companion. I am glad to know that the trouble which necessitated slight surgical treatment last week is quite an unimportant affair. If Arravale's trainer finds himself unable to ride the horse I assume that Mr. Harry Brown will take the mount. This in spite of the fact that this jockey is said to have arranged to ride Drifter. Admirers of Turkey Buzzard need take no notice of his failure at Newbury, for I fancy he had been given a comparatively easy time just previously. His trainer naturally has his attention concentrated upon the Grand National, and the horse will be fit enough on the day. His jumping was faultless at Newbury, and F. Brookes showed that he is the right jockey for the horse.

Southampton's Prospects

THIS week there promises to be very interesting sport both at Lingfield and Gatwick. Mr. Gore tells me that he intends to give Southampton an outing at the former fixture, and I anticipate the success of Lord Woolavington's 'chaser. I am inclined to believe, however, that he has too much weight in the Grand National.

Gatwick

AT Gatwick on Friday I regard **Gasper** as a likely winner of the International Hurdle Handicap, and in the National Trial Steeplechase **Libretto** may score again. Next week we shall be at Cheltenham for the splendid National Hunt festival, which has been allotted three days instead of two, and bids fair to be an immense success. It is rather like asking for trouble to attempt a tip for the National Hunt Steeplechase on Tuesday, but I think supporters of **Badminton II** will get a good run for their money.

By "THE TOUT"

"JACK" ANTHONY

A caricature of the famous steeplechase "jock," whose engagement to Lady Ursula Grosvenor has been reported. "Jack" has ridden three National winners, Glenside, Ally Sloper and Troytown

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Bad Luck!

IN the sporting world there is not a better-known figure than Lord Cholmondeley, and he will receive widespread sympathy in the crushing fall which he took while out with the Cheshire Hounds last week. To sustain such severe injuries at sixty-five is no light matter, but the popular "Rock" is pretty tough, and I hope to see him about again before long. It will mean, I fear, that he will have to miss the Grand National, which will be a matter of special regret to him, for he is a racegoer of tremendous enthusiasm.

The Hunter Show

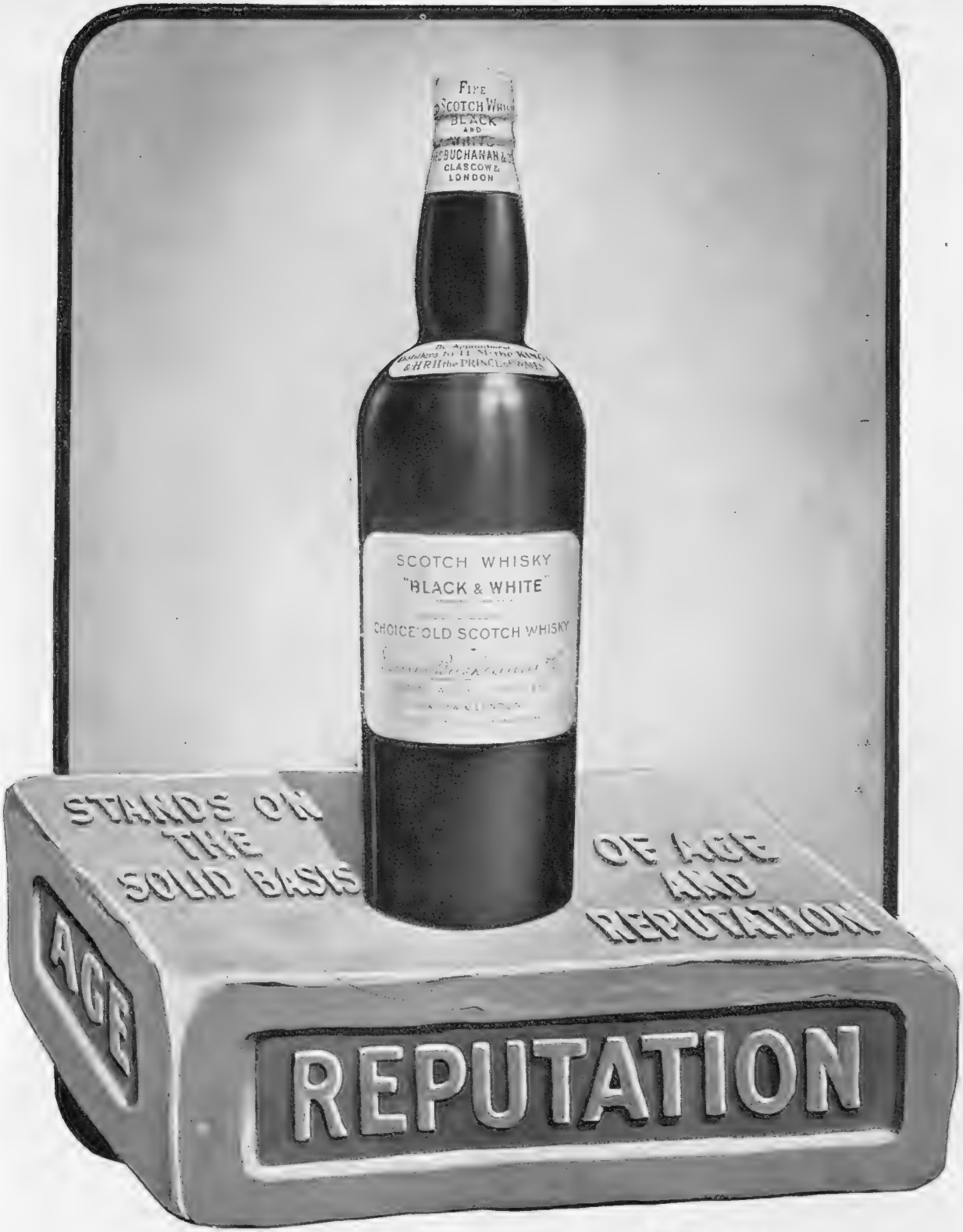
THIS week a good many hunting people will be taking a day or two away from hounds in order to see the judging of the hunters at Islington. As a keen rider to hounds, the Prince of Wales naturally takes an active interest in the hunters' breeding society, and he will be present at the show on Wednesday, when he takes the chair at the annual general meeting. I am glad to observe that the entries are much stronger than was the case last year, both in the riding classes and in the section for young stock. Unfortunately, thoroughbred stallions are not so well represented as they might be. At the end of the week comes the polo pony show, which is run on bright and enterprising lines, and is always worth a visit.

Changes

IT is an excellent sign that comparatively few changes of control will become necessary at the end of the season. When an M.F.H. goes on for season after season you can usually depend upon it that things are going smoothly in that country. A good many of the impending vacancies which have been announced during the past few weeks have already been suitably filled. Major Cecil Mangles is to take the Hampshire country in succession to Major Bovill. The newly appointed M.F.H. has the advantage of being a sportsman whose family have lived and hunted in the country for years, and he has been in many a hard-fought regimental polo match.

Coming Visitors

POLO people will be interested to know that there is a prospect that Mr. Louis Stoddard and Mr. J. Watson Webb will be playing in London during the coming season. I need hardly remind you that they were both in the American team which regained the International Cup two years ago. It was Mr. Webb's first experience of English polo, and the left-handed player fairly covered himself with glory. Mr. Stoddard we had seen here before the war. I shall not be surprised to see them in a team associated with Captain the Hon. F. Guest and Major "Rattle" Barrett.



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is of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

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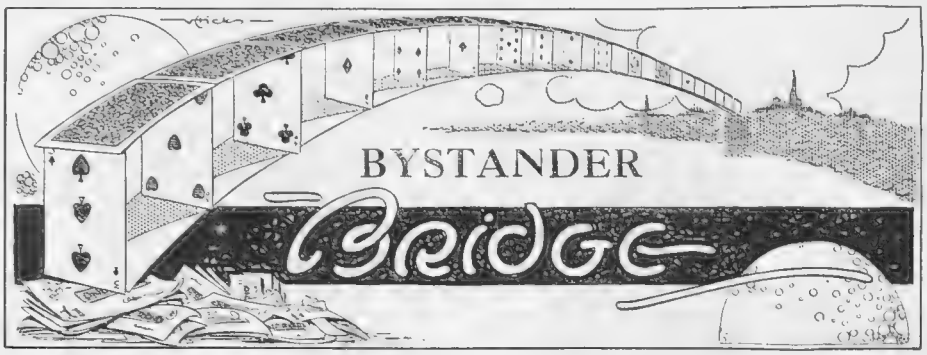

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HE was very much in love with his fair opponent. She revoked. She knew she had revoked. He knew she had revoked. She knew that he knew she had revoked.

With a mighty effort he controlled himself, and, his partner being asleep, the revoke went unclaimed. Can human sacrifice rise higher?

. . . . . .

If you find it impossible to observe the amenities of the card-table and to consider the feelings of your partner and opponents, you should give up Auction Bridge and take to Patience.

. . . . . .

Three-handed Auction Bridge, known as "Cut-Throat" or "Skip," is an excellent game for selfish players, because they can bid as they like and have no partners to consider. The calling is just a gamble for dummy, and most amazing results frequently occur. I have seen a player bid "two no trumps" with nothing in his hand, and find an unbeatable dummy worth three odd.

. . . . . .

A variation of "Cut-Throat" now widely played is the dealing of the first four cards "blind," face down, to the middle of the table, the remaining forty-eight cards being distributed in four 12-card hands. The final declarer, before examining his dummy, looks at the four blind cards and distributes them as he wishes, one to himself, one to dummy and one to each adversary. This gives still more spirit to the bidding, and adds to its uncertainty.

. . . . . .

A correspondent sends me the following:

Z deals and calls "One no trump." All pass. Y puts down

♠	♡	♢	♣
4.	9, 5.	6, 4.	K, Q, J, 10, 8, 6, 4, 3.

Should Y have passed?

. . . . . .

In my opinion, Y was certainly wrong to pass. He should have called "four Clubs" not "two" or "three," and if his partner overbid him with "three no trumps," should have taken out again with "five Clubs." His hand could be useful to the no-trumper only if his partner held Ace and another Club.

In the case given Z had the Ace of Clubs bare and went down by two in his contract. It would have been game in clubs.

Y, I take it, was one of those players who will never take out a no-trumper. But if ever there was a hand that "shrieked" for a take-out it was Y's long Club hand.

Solution to Actual Play Problems No. V.

(*a*) One Spade. (*b*) Two Clubs. (*c*) One no trump.

(*a*) In spite of the hundred Aces, Z's best call is one Spade. He is more likely to go game in Spades than in no trumps.

(*b*) Y should not pass nor call his Diamonds, but should support his partner's Clubs, thus giving him a second bid if B passes.

(*c*) The hand is too good to pass on at the score, and justifies a no-trump bid.

No absolutely correct solutions have been received, but a mark each has been given to the following: "Beaver" (Isle of Wight), I. N. Lambert, and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White, who saw the point in each of the calls, and only differed as to the number of tricks declared in Clubs.

Solution to Actual Play Problems No. VI.

(*a*) One Spade. (*b*) Two or three Spades or pass. (*c*) Jack of Clubs.

(*a*) Z should call his Spades, not his Clubs, on the principle of bidding the higher suit first.

(*b*) Y should not go into no trumps, in spite of his hundred Aces. He should either pass or support his partner's Spade by bidding two or three of the suit.

(*c*) Jack of Clubs is undoubtedly A's best lead.

Correct solutions have been received from "Glamis," E. A. Gregory, Miss Paddon, and "Bathwick."

Result of Competition

The result of the Competition is rather remarkable, as no single competitor obtained full marks.

The first prize, £5, is awarded to—

E. A. Gregory,
8, Strachan Place,
Wimbledon Common,
London, S.W.19.

who had a total of three (Nos. 1, 4 and 6).

The second and third prizes £3 and £1, are divided between J. Baird, Church Road, Hove; Colonel R. F. Godfrey ("Bathwick"), Bathwick Lodge, Boscombe, Hants; and Miss Paddon, Shirley Hyrst, Weybridge, each winning two marks, and who each receive a prize of £1 6*s*. 8*d*.

To all these I offer my congratulations, and shall have something to say on the subject of the competition next week, when an interesting new series of competitions will be started.

The Long and Short of It

BY LENDON

THE WRITER: "Letters, like skirts, should be long enough to cover the subject"
HER FRIEND: "Yes, dear, but short enough to be interesting"

RICHMOND GEM CIGARETTES.

A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO

1/4 LB. TIN 5/2

ALSO IN 1.oz & 2.oz. PACKETS

Is Dancing Immoral?

By Blanchette. Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *February* 26

DEAR COUSIN—

Is dancing really immoral, d'you think? You smile, perchance, at my simplicity *or* duplicity. But no, I'm not pretending I don't go to dances meself—which, after all, is one way of finding out. Or that I'd ever dream of swallowing, with even a whole cellarful of salt, what the bishops and (elderly) peeresses and people say about it from time to time, not to mention Mr. Jones of Swansea.

No, only thing that's disturbing and perturbing me, and giving me furiously to wonder, so to speak, is that the great Sir Gerald du Maurier himself says so. In his new play, *The Dancers*, I mean. Says dancing's the worst thing ever for making you take the wrong turning, or words to that effect—especially when you do it "cheek to cheek." And as he not only acts in the play, but wrote it with Viola Tree, and they both of 'em dance—well, speak with authority, don't they, and not as the mere scribes . . . ?

SIMPLY terrible end one of their (joint) heroines comes to, all through dancing, you know, at those dreadful night clubs and places. Not at the Embassy, though, I'm sure it can't have been, seeing as how Sir Gerald (and Miss Viola) go there quite often 'emselves. But this poor girl I was telling you about—the one in the play, I mean—oh, it really is all quite too fearfully awful and sad.

GOES positively right off the rails, she does (and 'ventually right off the earth), all through fox-trotting and one-stepping around, though she's quite well born and brought up, and seems right all there all the time every other way. And the young man's so very, very young and simple, and not in the least the sort of kind that you'd imagine would sweep a 'straordinarily self-possessed and independent modern young woman "off her feet" (as they put it in yet another play of the moment, Sybil Thorndike's *Advertising April*).

OH! well, well, and also never mind, or anyhow, worry not too frightfully heavily. P'raps it *is* really after all only in plays that these things happen *quite* so badly. And also, *au contraire*, so delightfully well. Heights of optimism and depths of pessimism. High-born maiden dances herself to grief, low-born ditto from Wild West does ditto to happiness and an Earl (having previously refused a Duke, just in her stride, as you might say). Anyway that's how it pans out at the Lyceum—I should say Wyndham's.

AND very nice too, what? I mean, after all, what do we go to the theatre *for*? Not, surely, just to see things that might happen to anybody any day in ordinary life? And, must say, I do hate the kind of critics, don't you, who act'lly dare to go picking holes in even dear Sir Gerald (and Co.)'s play just 'cos it isn't as realistically and lit'rally faithful to the naked truth or unadorned verity as a nature film.

"Cheek to cheek"

WHICH reminds me, perfectly lovely thing they're giving us just now in that line at the Philharmonic Hall, called "Wildest Africa." Lots of nice wildest elephants and hippopotomi, and buffaloes and things there are in it, not to mention the celebrated giraffe. Whereof someone's just been reminding me once more of the perfectly d'lightful story of the man who saw one for the first time, and after watching it for a while remarked, simply and soulfully, "I don't believe it!"

DON'T believe in not believing things, though, I don't, do you, just simply 'cos they don't seem possible? 'Specially in connecsh.

"Girl from the Wild West danced herself to happiness and an Earl"

with the aforesaid theatres, and films, which are, after all, aren't they, one of the chief comforts and solaces of life? Take the above-mentioned Geraldian drama, f'rinstance. All imposs., and yet, oh! so thrilling. And there's lots more.

卐

THE new Marie Tempest play, *par exemple*. If you tried to try and b'lieve in it for one single second you'd stand quite a very serious chance of a nervous breakdown—or else, p'raps, even try to make noises like someone who's beginning to be just a little tiny bit fractious, as the gallery did the first night, not having been born with a sense of humour, or even taken the precaution to dine wisely and well at the Ritz beforehand.

卐

BUT if you'll only believe in Marie, she'll pull you through anything—even what one critic called "the worst play in the world." And you've simply *got* to believe in her if you're going to pass the evening at the Duke of York's. Not that there's any real difficulty about that. Would go on believing in her throughout even a worse play (if any), I would—her wonderful charm, her own wonderful little way of saying and doing things, those sort of coquettish touches that no one half her age can carry off half so well, her manner of putting on even the most tryingly expensive-looking clothes so that she seems to be just happening to wear them instead of their being worn by her. . . .

卐

TALKING 'bout frocks, good news, isn't it?—that they're going to have coloured ones, even for the very youthfullest and dinkiest debs, at the Courts that happen this year—which, by the way, isn't going to be *before* Easter, anyway. Saves such a lot of expense, for one thing, which is a *rather* 'portant sort of consideration these days—what? And then, you know the all-white rule *was* rather trying, too, for all but the slimmest and the most confident about their complexions, wasn't it?

THOUGH oughtn't to be talking about frocks, I s'pose, or anything frivolous like that, now we're in Lent, and plunged right plumb in the middle thereof, in fact. 'Fraid, somehow, we don't keep up these ancient customs quite as we should—though, cert'nly not *'cos* of their antiquity,

"Is dancing immoral?"

anyway, 'sidering our positively frantic furore for everything and anything that appertains to the (at least) thousand-years earlier pagan King Tut.

卐

TALKIN' about which—ancient customs, I mean—seem very successfully to have kept up Daly's custom, they do, with *The Lady of the Rose*, which celebrated its anniversary last week "to the plaudits of the multitude," as one sh'd say of such momentous things as King Tut and Daly's. 'Parently, in twenty-eight years or so it has only been necessary to stage nineteen new plays, not including a few odd (but lovely) revivals in the off-season. Which won't be a bad record if this popularity pace is kept up until Daly's is as old as old King Tut's bones, will it?

"Instead of having a part found and written round you"

卐

WENT to Oxford, by the way—don't know what reminded me 'cept that I s'pose it's where they *do* think of those nice sort of unpractical affairs like dead bones and things—and saw quite the loveliest ever in the way of plays, to wit, and that is to say, the *Henry IV* of one William Shakespeare, as acted by the undergraduates of the University of Oxford.

卐

DEAR, darling things! And especially one most dear and d'lightful child called Giles Isham, who was a perfectly heavenly Hotspur, with the kind of angel-face that puts Henry Ainley or Godfrey Tearle, even in their earliest youth, to shame, and the sort of nice, deep voice that stirs your very heartstrings—you know the kind—what? And, oh! it all did rather help to show one how there is still, just here and there, such a thing as acting a part you find, 'stead of having a part found and written round you, like some actor-managers I couldn't possibly mention.

卐

BUT all London's going to see them soon, I hear, 'cos a London manager has fallen for 'em, too, and is fixing up for a short "Ouds." season in town. Oh! and by the way, Cambridge is going to have a play, too, this very Saturday as ever is—Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, that the Marlowe Society are giving at the A.D.C. Theatre there. It was they, you know, who did that d'lightful *Troilus and Cressida* last year that came along to the Everyman in Hampstead afterwards, and had such a *grand succès*.

卐

WILL they come again, I wonder? Two under-grad. companies in Town—wouldn't it be fun?—specially if they managed both to do it at the same time. And wouldn't they make some of our middle-aged Romeos sit up—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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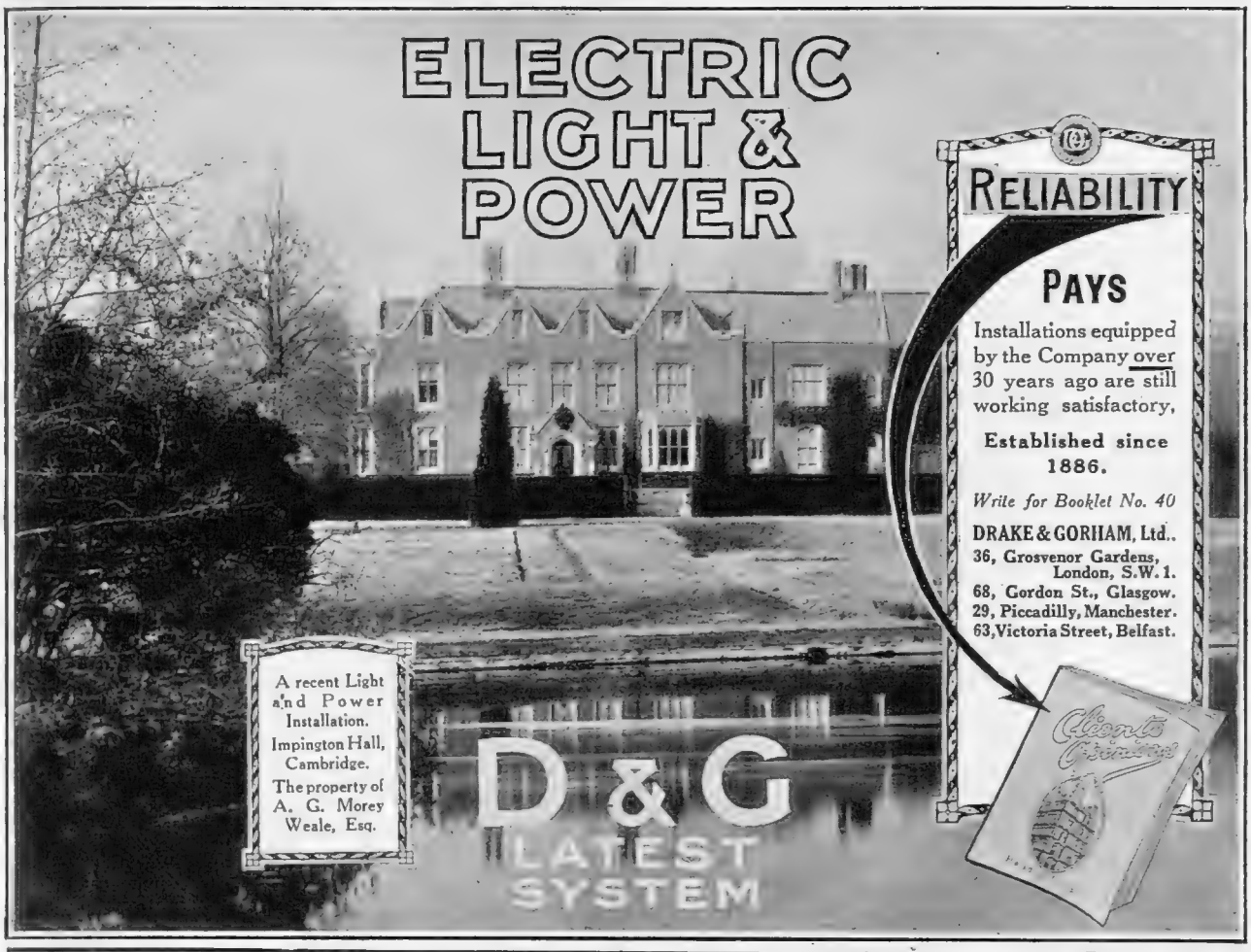

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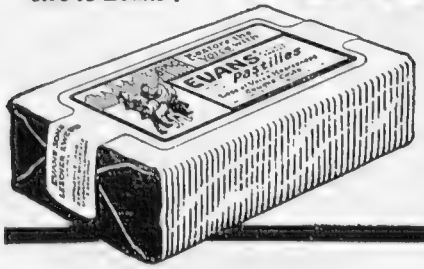

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

SOMEWHAT late in the day, I admit, I have read Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net); and find it in many respects a most extraordinary book. In his Introduction Mr. Hugh Walpole rightly warns English readers that they will be making a very serious mistake if they miss this book, for Babbitt is much more than the American business man of to-day. He is human, with ideals of his own and a hundred little weaknesses, but he may also be taken to stand for modern industrial America. And the detailed picture which is given of a year or two from his life is a most vivid thing. You see the man in his home circle with wife and children, you see him in his office, in the clubs, gallivanting in some next-state town, forcing himself into new and sometimes injudicious adventures, amorous and political—a likeable, understandable, ordinary American, portrayed in a manner which Lewis has made peculiarly his own, but which is, perhaps, not too far removed from that of Bennett when he speaks of the Five Towns. It may seem queer, this American business world, but there is never a moment when it is difficult to understand what Babbitt himself is doing or why. The book has the qualities of greatness.

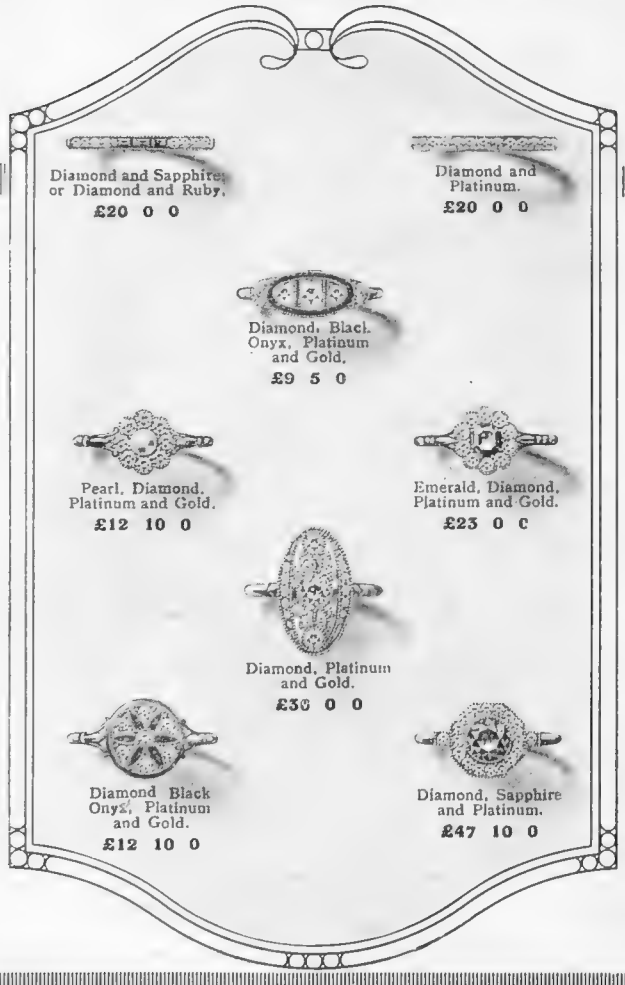
OUR old friend, Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, makes a welcome reappearance in *The Lunatic* STILL *at Large* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and Mr. Storer Clouston is to be congratulated, for here is that amiable, if slightly erratic, gentleman not only enjoying his liberty again at a seaside resort, but also becoming mixed up in a highly exciting romance which concerns a lost heir. Nobody but he would have turned up so successfully at the funeral of a supposed cousin, or managed to retain his liberty in the face of such heavy odds. Indeed, when that dour Scottish keeper of his swoops down, you are annoyed to think that lunatics must be looked after. But, bless you! Mr. Mandell-Essington is no ordinary fellow, and in the last chapter something happens which gives his creator every chance to tell us more of his adventures in the future.

❋

MR. STEPHEN CHALMER'S new story, *The Greater Punishment* (Bale: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) may be rather too melodramatic for some tastes, but it has points of its own. When an elderly man with a beautiful daughter is constantly "on the move," and when a young man sent out into the world with a shilling or two comes to love the daughter, and when, furthermore, the young man is found on the scene of a murder, there is bound to be trouble, particularly if the accused is a little quixotic. Mr. Chalmers is ruthless; he takes his hero actually to the gallows, and then, well—no hero could possibly be hanged, but *why* this particular hanging is bungled is the author's little surprise.

❋

IF you like parodies, do not miss Evoe's new volume, *These Liberties* (Methuen: 6*s.* net). Evoe, as you know, is that Mr. E. V. Knox whose lucubrations in *Punch* appear in such delightful profusion. Here he is enjoying himself equally at the expense of novelists and poets. Mr. Hutchinson, naturally, is used as a target, and so are Mr. Chesterton (at a football match), the earlier Mr. Wells, the creator of Tarzan, and Miss Ethel M. Dell. You are instructed exactly how film-scenarios should be composed, and in a final section, the secret of writing poetry after the style of the moderns is laid bare. It is all most admirably done, and even the victims will enjoy it.



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Femina

ON PAINTING THE LILY

BY MRS. M. VINCE

We often use the phrase metaphorically, and we use it always for condemning those who try to do so foolish a thing. That is what makes it so odd that those who do almost literally attempt to paint the lily, are allowed to do it without protest. In the florists' shops the lily and the rose and chrysanthemum are always being painted.

Why is it that in towns we are not allowed to take flowers naturally? Are they not beautiful enough in themselves that they must always be decorated in order to attract customers? "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That should be the proud text above the door of every flower-shop. But the florists themselves do not believe it. They will not realise that their flowers are already "arrayed." They must dress them up in ribbons and bows.

I was looking the other day at a shop where there was a shelf full of hyacinths in pots—pink, mauve, blue, and white; and each plant had a piece of satin ribbon of its own colour tied round it. Why? The ribbon had no use and no beauty. It did not help one to carry the plants. It did not make them more attractive. There is nothing clever or interesting in matching the colour of a hyacinth in a piece of satin ribbon. Anyone could do it. The thing is quite useless and unnecessary, and the best that can be said for it is that it is easy to take the ribbon off.

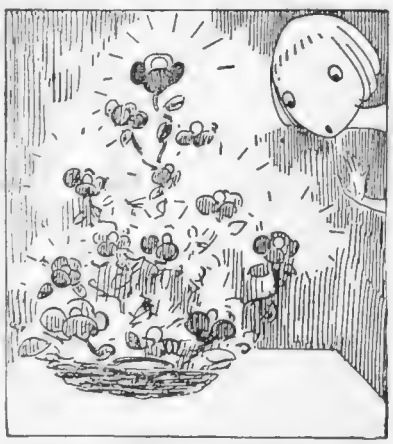
Then there is the fashion of wiring fruit and berries to the branches of other shrubs on which they could never grow. One often sees the auricaria with its beautiful leaves "decorated" in this way with the fruit of the solanum, which is like a small orange. The dyeing of leaves and branches is not uncommon, and the seed-pods of honesty appear in all manner of colours, purple and red and brown, instead of their own silver-white. One of the worst examples of this false decoration that I have seen was in one of the leading London florists. It was a wreath made out of poppy-heads, fir-cones, teasles, and two palm leaves. The poppy-heads, the teasles and the fir-cones were all gilded, and the edges of the palm leaves were tipped with bronze. Again why? To do this is to take away both their natural beauty and the beauty of their symbolism. The poppy-head means the sleep of death, but its meaning is only obscured when it is gilded over. The palm leaf means the triumph over death; but what does that meaning gain by destroying the freshness of the leaf with paint?

And the florists seem ashamed also of the earth in which plants grow. It is often covered over with dyed moss, and the clean earthenware of the pot has to be wrapped round in coloured paper. When I see pots decorated in this way, I think of Thackeray's description of Van der Helst's picture of the civic banquet, with the splendidly dressed man in it who was holding a bone in his hand. And then Thackeray goes on to imagine the horror of the really elegant critic at such a coarse sight. How much better it would be to substitute for it a smelling-bottle with a crest and a gold top, or a cambric handkerchief. Or, if the bone must be there, how much better if it had a fringe of lace painted round it, or at least a frill of pink paper!

There is just the same false elegance in the florists' practice of putting crinkled coloured paper round a flower-pot, with the idea that refined people like to hide the fact that a beautiful hyacinth grows out of such common stuff as the soil, and that the soil is contained in rough earthenware. "O nerves and eau de Cologne," said Thackeray of the bone, "hide it, hide it." That is what is wrong with the fashionable florists' shops. There is too much "nerves and eau de Cologne" about them. We want instead the health and natural beauty, unadorned and unfaked, of living leaves and flowers.

M. V.

Of course one must simply be in the fashion even if one freezes to death. A tortoise on a lead of dainty yellow ribbon is hardly an ideal companion for a sharp walk in the Bois, but voila!—if Fashion decrees!—



Dear Ursula, *February 23rd*

On one's dinner table a basket of these lovely transparent flowers, with the weeniest of tiny electric bulbs in the centre of each, is positively thrilling.—

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Pamela

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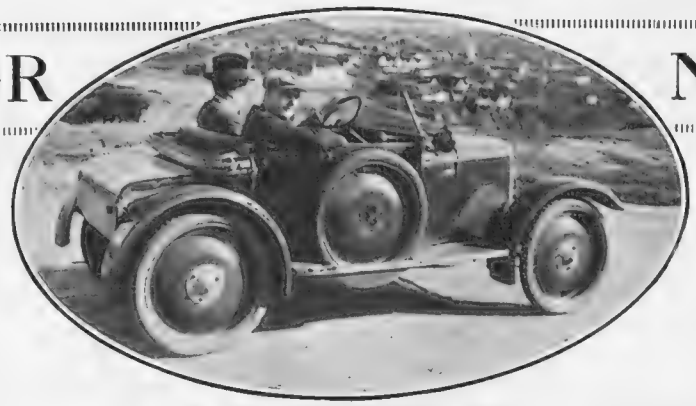

IN THE RUSSIAN FAMINE AREA

Mr. H. W. Cook, the Deputy-Chief Administrator of the "Save the Children" Fund in Russia, and Dr. Armstrong Smith, in the 8 h.p. Rover presented to the Fund by the Rev. R. R. Roberts, of Kidderminster. In the background is the town of Saratov and the river Volga

A NEW terror has arrived, or, rather, been thrust upon motorists, which must be removed immediately, cost what it may. But let me explain the whole affair, which reminds one of the early days of motoring, when everybody's hands were raised against the self-propelled vehicle. A fortnight ago, at the Lancaster County Court, Judge Bradley gave judgment against a motorist for £14 2*s.* 9*d.* in respect of a lamp-post knocked down by the skidding of his car due to tyres bursting at Galgate on June 11. The only point in dispute was that of liability, and the motorist, in cross-examination, said that the tyres were practically new, as they had not been driven for more than a 1,000 miles. Mr. Judge Bradley expressed his view that such tyres were not comparatively new, and held that there was negligence in not having the tyres in proper condition. "I think you must pay," he said to the motorist. When the latter's solicitor asked whether his Honour meant that if a tyre bursts it is evidence of negligence the Judge replied, "After the tyre burst the car skidded. That, if nothing else, shows evidence of negligence," and refused to give leave to appeal against this judgment. Considering that nowadays the ordinary life of a tyre is 10,000 miles on a car, the motorist was quite right in considering that after 1,000 miles the tyre was comparatively new, and that no negligence had occurred in running on such covers.

* * *

HIS Honour Judge Bradley may be perfectly right as to the law, but motorists cannot afford to rest under the onus that a burst tyre is negligence in all cases, whether the cover has done a large or small mileage. Yet it is the insurance companies who ought to move in the matter through the Royal Automobile Club, as no motor vehicle owner with any commonsense will run his car without it being fully insured for all risks, and especially "third party" ones. Consequently, if such claims as this one do arise, the insurance companies have to pay. But this question of burst tyres raises other points. If a car skids passing over tram lines is that negligence of the driver or the tramway authority? Of course, one must assume that the car is being driven at a reasonably moderate speed at the time. Also, if a tyre bursts and the noise of the sudden expansion of the air frightens or so startles a person walking on the footpath that the shock kills him or her, is the motorist liable for manslaughter? Further, is the motorist also liable to compensate the relatives for the loss of such a person if they have dependents who lose an income thereby from such an unfortunate

(Continued on page 532)

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Prices: 23-60 h.p. Kington 5-seater £895, Arundel all-weather £1145, Warwick landaulette £1195, 14 h.p. Princeton 4-seater £595, Melton 2-seater £595, Welbeck all-weather £745. These and other bodies described in the catalogue

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPREME

The illustration shows the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall-'Arundel' all-weather to seat four. Door on each side, with easy access to the back seats. The leather hood is lowered or raised in the same way as a Cape-cart hood. Price complete - £1145

VAUXHALL

The perfectly-balanced engine of four cylinders

WHEN a four-cylindered engine is perfectly balanced it runs as smoothly as one with six cylinders. Thanks to British inventiveness you can have in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall (which is fitted with the harmonic balancer invented by Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E.), an engine of four cylinders that does run with positive smoothness. This is an important matter to users of high-powered cars.

THEY are offered a machine of the quality they desire at an extraordinarily low price, because so much is saved in manufacturing cost, with the further advantages of lower running expenses, more body room and simpler mechanism. The price of the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall chassis is but £695. Full particulars are given in our catalogue, and trial drives may be had by appointment.

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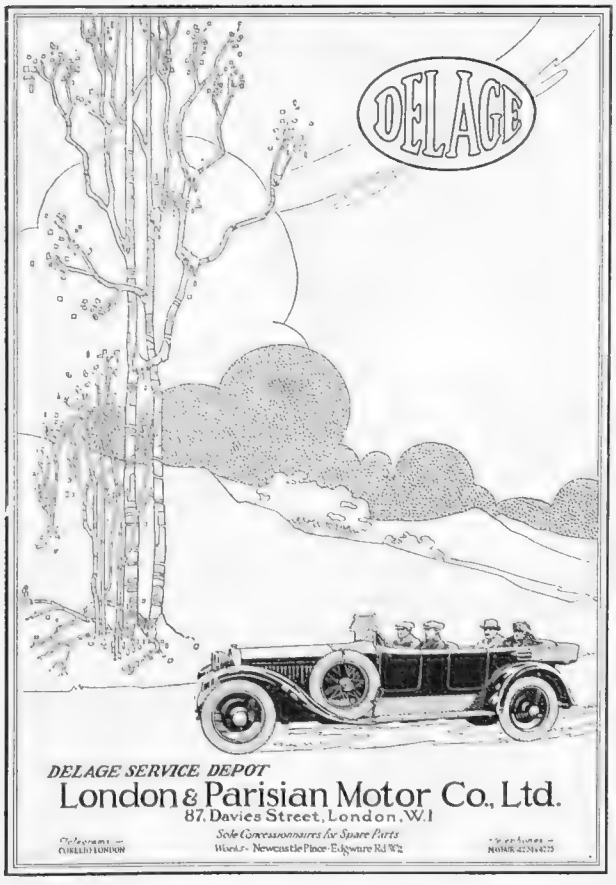
Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines) Telegrams: Whirling Phone London
London Agents: Shaw & Kilburn Ltd., 20 Conduit Street, W.1 (Tel. Mayfair 6210)

F. 7



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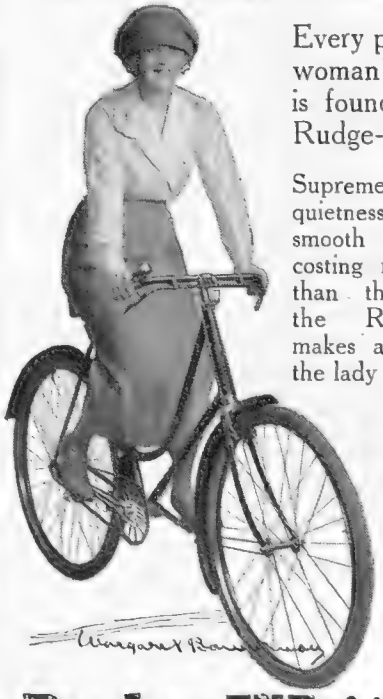
Quiet, Clean, Light, Easy-running——

that's the Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle



Every point for which a woman looks in a bicycle is found in the Lady's Rudge-Whitworth.

Supreme in comfort and quietness, light in weight, smooth in running, and costing not a penny more than the men's models, the Rudge-Whitworth makes a strong appeal to the lady cyclist.

All Aero Specials, both Ladies and Gents' models, one price, carriage paid **£9 17 6**

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Dept. (261), Coventry

or Dept. (261),
230 Tottenham Court Rd.,
London, W.1.

Agents Everywhere.

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

occurrence? Indeed, so many possible conditions may arise from the bursting of a tyre that one trembles to think where they begin or end. Also, are the tyre-makers going to be brought into this troublesome arena as *particeps criminis* should any claim be made, or, indeed, the maker of the car, or the man who sold it, should an accident due to a tyre bring the driver or owner into a Court of Law? His Honour Judge Bradley has truly "raised the hair" of motorists by his judgment.

* * *

When Mr. John N. Willys joined with Sir Kenneth Crossley and Sir William Letts to make the Willys Overland cars for the British Empire market in this country, people wondered how much would be British and how much U.S.A. Naturally, at first it was all U.S.A. material, with only British labour putting it together to build up the complete vehicle. Yet in 1922 approximately £200,000 was spent in wages and the purchase of British materials was approximately £740,000, while the average number of men employed in the works is about 1,000. It will be understood, therefore, that as the year progressed, the Willys Overland car became more and more British and less American, so that, in fact, to-day only the engine of the Overland *de luxe* comes from the U.S.A.

* * *

The last time I visited the A. V. Roe factory at Newton Heath and Manchester, there were a few aeroplanes—relics of the War—a few machine tools in the corner looking very sorry for themselves as they had joined the ranks of the unemployed, and, in one little corner, two new bodies for motor-cars stuck on a couple of Ford chassis of a somewhat novel design. Then Sir William Letts and his associates, including that most cheery of members of Parliament, the member for Stockport, Mr. Harry Fildes, M.P., decided to take the factory over as an extra body-building factory for Crossley cars. But the Avro aeroplanes had so proved themselves during the War that orders began to flow in, and I really was astonished at seeing the Avro "Condor" and the Avro "Bison," and other machines for passenger service, being erected in all the space that was vacant.

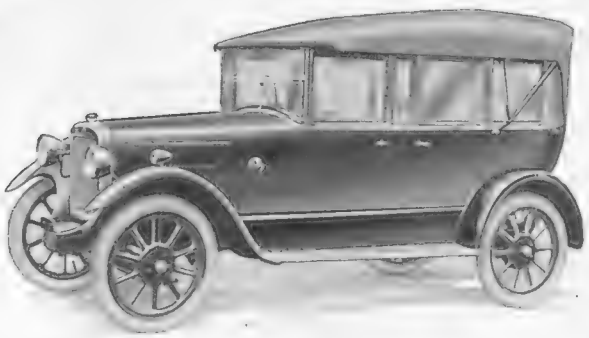
FOR A RAINY DAY

A neat model of an 11 h.p. Hillman four-seater car, with all-weather body closed to the elements

* * *

Sir William Letts was in a most optimistic vein when he welcomed his guests. And well he might have been, for the visit showed that here, at least, was a combination of firms in which trade had evidently increased. Crossley Motors was busily engaged in making the 12-14 h.p. Crossley, the 19.6 h.p., the 25-30 h.p., and a new model, the 40-45 h.p. Crossley, which is a semi-commercial vehicle, now being bought by several Governments, including our own. The 12-14 h.p. seemed to be going "great guns," as I saw more of these chassis in construction than any other type, and a ride in one of the completed cars of this model added to the good opinion already formed on it as the useful family car of the year.

Old Hy.



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The completeness of equipment and service features of the British-built Overland is all important to the motorist. Every part has been designed to give lasting service with lasting economy. Each car leaves the factory complete in every detail with all equipment necessary for immediate and future use. There are no extras to buy, and the first cost is practically the last. Send for descriptive literature and arrange for a trial run.

British-Built All-Weather Touring Car **£365**

Overland

British-Built All-Weather Touring Car £365. British-Built 2/3 seater, with double dickey £350. Sedan £395. All-Weather (Beatonson) £465. Three-quarter Landaulet £495. Standard Touring Car £268.

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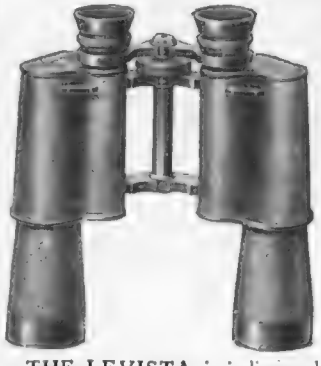
THE MOST POWERFUL PRISM BINOCULARS EVER MANUFACTURED



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Price, with central screw focussing, as illustration:

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Including best solid leather sling case and lanyard.

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THE LEVISTA is indispensable where high power is the first consideration—for Big Game Shooting, Nature Study, Deer Stalking, Travelling and Exploring.

It is not intended for ordinary touring or racing, as the power is too great; glasses of lower power for these purposes are described in our catalogue.

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Opticians to British & Allied Governments
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"GOVERNMENT MARK VI COMPASSES."
Less than 1/3rd of pre-war price
Size 1¾ ins. Weight 1¾ ozs.
Watch size, Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading.
4/6, *post free.*

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Yorkshire Branch:
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THE
BYSTANDER

No. 1,004.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, February 28, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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Easy reach of main line express station.

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FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, exceptionally well-built and fitted MODERN RESIDENCE, in splendid order throughout: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, 8 or 9 bedrooms, servants' sitting room, etc.

Garage and cottage. Grounds about 6 ACRES, including loggia and paved walks, double tennis or croquet lawn, kitchen garden, paddock and grassland, etc.

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A Property of an unique type offered at a very MODERATE PRICE.

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30 minutes' train journey.

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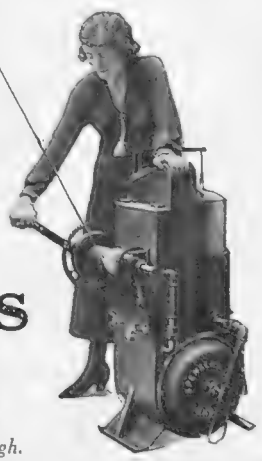

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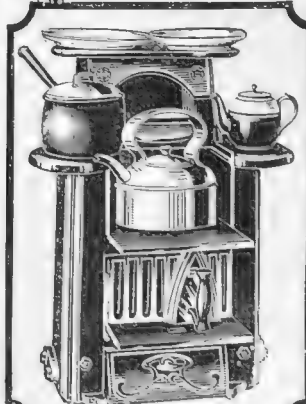

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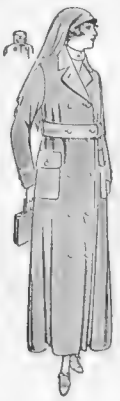

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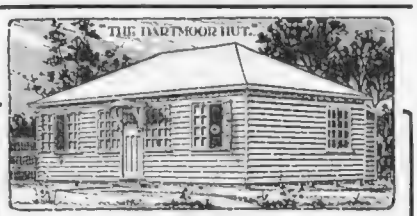

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,, 2	12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£3 17 4
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£4 12 8
,, 4	16in. x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
,, 5	16in. x 18in.	160ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£9 11 0
,, 6	16in. x 24in.	200ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£11 19 0
,, 7	16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
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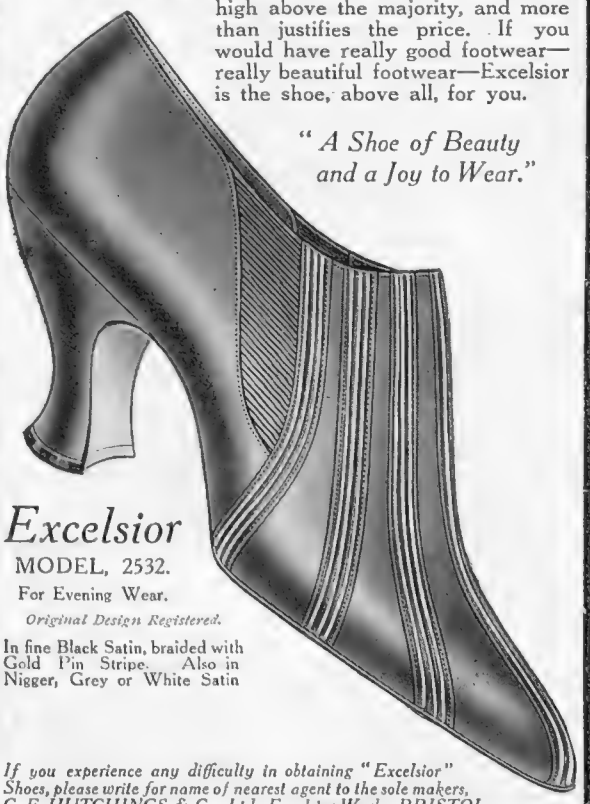
The old craftsman loved his work. It was his pleasure to study every little refinement, every little addition that could make his product more beautiful and more satisfactory in wear.

The same spirit actuates the work of the makers of Excelsior Shoes—there is infinite detail in the unseen parts, detail which takes time and costs money—detail which makes them "A shoe of Beauty and a Joy to wear."

It is this thoroughness that places Excelsior Shoes high above the majority, and more than justifies the price. If you would have really good footwear—really beautiful footwear—Excelsior is the shoe, above all, for you.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."



Excelsior
MODEL, 2532.
For Evening Wear.
Original Design Registered.

In fine Black Satin, braided with Gold Pin Stripe. Also in Nigger, Grey or White Satin

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, C. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

These examples of Gooch Spring Gowns offer more than the usual attraction of advance fashions. Their distinctive styles and moderate prices cannot be surpassed even when the season opens.

"YOLANDE"

Elegant Afternoon Gown of Black Silk Marocain specially cut and designed to suit a full figure; trimmed dull jet beading on skirt and bodice. The sleeves show the fashionable new pleating. In Black/Dull Jet, also in Navy, Grey, and Sand, embroidered self coloured beads.

PRICE
19 Gns.

"FLAVIA"

A becoming Afternoon Gown of Black crêpe de Chine, cut on up-to-date lines, and trimmed with insertions of the new pleating; long sleeves. Also in marocain. In Navy, Black, Brown, Beaver, Putty, Grey, Mid-Blue, etc.

£7/17/6

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON RD.
LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *'Phone: Kensington 5100.*

The Ideal Home

is incomplete without Hoskins delightful beds, which ensure real health-giving repose and blend with an air of distinction into any scheme of furnishing, no matter what colour or period. Such beds as these illustrated cost from £3 to £5 5s. each, but there are models for every need in finish and design of endless variety. Prices suit every purse—£2 to £200.

You will find your ideal bed on view at the IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION Look for the Hoskins Stand—Ground Floor and Gallery.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

For every reader of "The Bystander" there is a copy of "For a Good Night," "Hoskins Gift to the World," and beautiful booklets describing Hoskins "Silver Spring" and "Silent Night" mattresses, good bedding, etc. May we post you copies? If your furnisher cannot show you Hoskins sleep equipment, write to us. We will see that it is shown to you. See the Hoskins name and tag on every bed you buy.

HOSKINS & SEWELL, LTD.

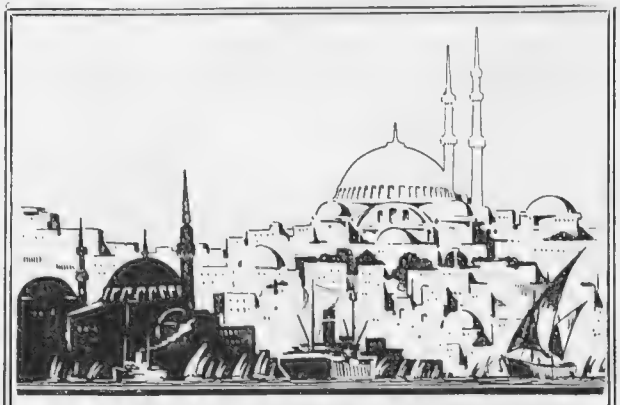
301, OXFORD STREET,

(twixt Regent Street and Bond Street)

LONDON, W.1.

Hoskins Beds for a Good Night

H.C.T.



A Product of Fine Skill working on exquisite material

MATINÉE

Highest Grade

TURKISH CIGARETTES

Size 3 in Decorated Tins of 100-9/11; 50-5/1; 25-2/6

For Smokers of Cultured Taste who appreciate Refinement

Diplomat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

In Artistic Boxes of 25-2/-; 50-4/-; 100-8/-

Blended and Manufactured from the Choicest Growths

ALLAN RAMSAY

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 260

FINLAY'S MATERNITY GOWNS

"The Maternity Dress House of Great Britain."

Finlay's Patents—adjustable to any size.

Elegant Frock consisting of complete underdress of Silk Satin Mousseline and overdress of fine All-Wool Gabardine, edged braid and finished beads on skirt. Can be increased ½ in. to 16 ins. round waist and hips without losing its original shape. In Navy, Nigger, Mole, Grey, Saxe, Black or Navy Gabardine/Black Silk. Lengths: 46, 48 and 50 ins. **£4 : 14 : 6** POST FREE.

SKIRTS from 15/11 COSTUMES from 63/- CORSETS from 16/11

Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

2 BOOKS FREE! Our famous "**Fashions Bulletin**" of Maternity wear and Finlay's Wonderful "**Baby Book**" (40 pages). **Write to-day.**

FINLAYS Address letters, "DEPT. 153."

47, DUKE ST., LONDON, W.1. (*Facing Selfridge's*)

And 12, Houldsworth Street, MANCHESTER, *Off Oldham Street*

PURE IRISH LINEN

WE have been supplying real Irish Linen through the post for the last 50 years with complete satisfaction. Our clients appreciate the way in which we carry out their orders.

May we serve and please you in a similar manner?

No. B282. Special value in extra heavy Pure Irish Linen Sheets, Plain Hemmed.

2½ x 3 yards .. per pair **55/11**

2½ x 3½ " .. .. " " **64/9**

No. B282. Hemstitched Linen Sheets

2½ x 3 yards .. per pair **59/6**

2½ x 3½ " .. .. " " **68/9**

No. B282. Superfine quality Pure Irish Linen Hemstitched Pillow Cases.

20 x 30 inches .. each **6/9**

No. B282. Pure Irish Linen Hemstitched Huck Towels.

24 x 40 inches .. 6 for **10/9**

Write for Illustrated List, No. 44T, Sent post free. Delivery guaranteed and Carriage Paid on all orders to the U.K. over 20/-.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers, BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

The Strongest Reason why you should give Your Child

ROBOLEINE

THE ONLY TRUE BODY-BUILDER

is the fact that practically all the Child-Welfare Centres in the Country use it

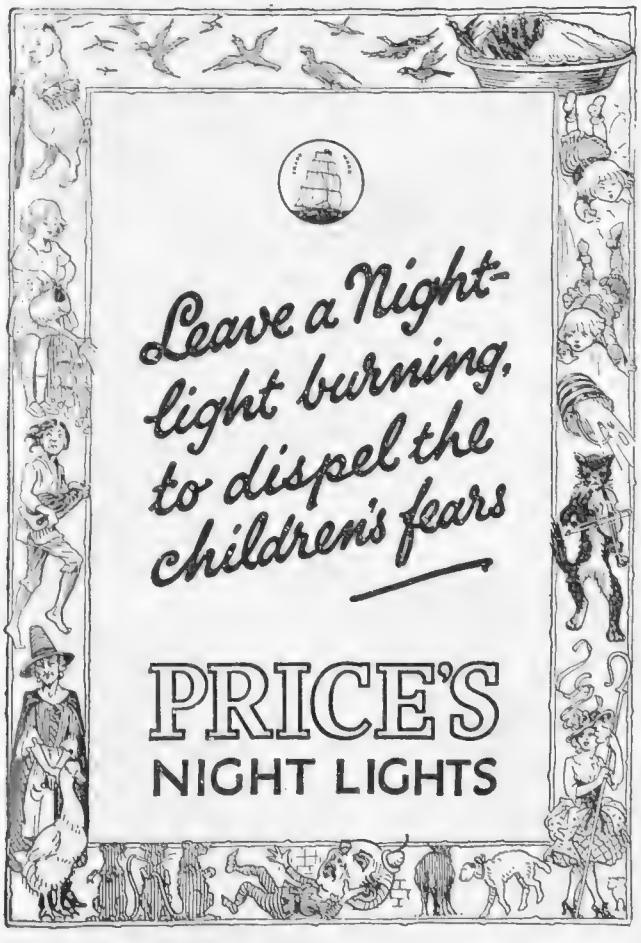
WHY do these and the great children's sanatoria buy Roboleine by the ton? Simply because Roboleine contains in abundance the three vitamins A. B. & C. at present known to science. And when reading about vitamins remember that they are hardly a new discovery: they actually were contained in Roboleine 15 years ago. Roboleine has been recommended by doctors all over the world ever since that time.

Don't buy anything of this nature for your child unless the makers will tell you its formula. The formula of Roboleine is no secret: it is simply Marrow from the long bones and Jelly from the rib bones of oxen, to which is added 'Cream of Malt,' Egg Yolk and Neutralised Lemon Juice. These concentrated food substances form a COMPLETE diet, capable of BUILDING UP the most weakly child. *The Doctors have proved it. The Welfare Centres have proved it. The Children's Sanatoria have proved it.*

If you feel that your little one is not making headway, don't take any chances: make absolutely sure of improving the state of health by giving a little ROBOLEINE night and morning. Roboleine is delicious and children love it: it is as though the youngest of them knows its goodness. But ask your doctor: he will tell you what a wonderful body-builder ROBOLEINE is.

Write for Free Sample and Literature. Post Free.

Sole Manufacturers:
OPPENHEIMER, SON & COMPANY, LIMITED
179, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.



The Astronomy of Pearls

TÉCLA Pearls and Oriental Pearls are as alike as stars in the night, and it takes an expert in gems to tell a Técla Pearl from an Oriental just as it takes an expert in stars to locate Alcyone, or Orion.

Preferring Orientals to Téclas just because they are Orientals is as illogical as preferring Jupiter to Mars because it contains two more syllables.

TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, London
10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice 398 Fifth Avenue, New York

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

That Important Figure Line

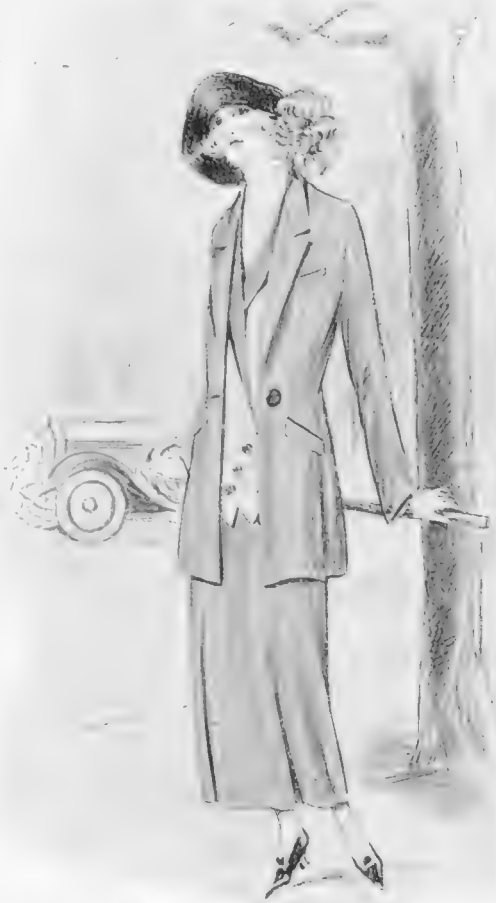
GREAT minds have been at work on corset artistry during the past decade or so, with the result that anatomically, hygienically and artistically, the models worn to-day touch about as near perfection as could well be desired. For the modern corset is no longer a torturing contraption, but a flexible, easy support to the figure below the waist, the aim at the moment being to maintain a perfectly straight line and a total extinction of the hips, essentials that are observed to a marked degree in the Gossard build. The designers and producers of this type, the British H. W. Gossard Co., Ltd. 168, Regent Street, gave an exhaustive display the other day, rendered still more valuable by short, descriptive explanations, the models variously displayed on *mannequins* of every conceivable shape and height, who moved and sat down with the most consummate ease and elegance.

A detailed description of the many examples submitted for judgment is utterly out of question, though one that stands out in distinct remembrance is a model for the slender, medium figure, the hip section of which is of suède and the remainder in satin, the whole topped by a narrow silk elastic band. Under the lacings, though this is a prevalent feature, comes a short piece of material closing with four hooks and eyes.

THE GOSSARD CORSET

Saxony Suiting

EVERY woman of taste knows the value of a coat and skirt modelled on the non-committal lines of the example illustrated. Modes may come and go, but this semi-fit stands for all time, and as expressed at Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W., in saxony suiting, a delicate neutral ground with fine, faintly woven pink, blue and brown stripes, it appeals with particular persuasion. Whether buttoned at a long elegant line or thrown open over the modish double-breast waistcoat, this coat retains always its perfect uniformity of shape and line. For the waistcoat, which is quite a slight, incidental affair without a back, there is requisitioned a curious oatmeal-coloured sort of hopsack material, the crossed fronts of which close with pierced brown buttons to accord with those on the coat. And just a word of the waist finish to the skirt, this being mounted into a shapely pointed belt *empiècement* fitted neatly to the figure and waist.



A SIMPLE TAILORED SUIT

Built of faintly coloured Saxony suiting, the coat opening on an oatmeal-coloured hopsack waistcoat fastened with pierced brown bone buttons

Sketched at Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street

Old English Sampler Fire Screens

CONNOISSEURS and lovers of antiques have a fount of almost unfathomable depth to explore in the department especially set apart by Debenham and Freebody for articles of *vertu*. So highly held are this firm for their knowledge and straight dealing, that they have recently found it necessary to open up a separate and larger shop in Welbeck Street for the better display of these covetable articles. Where all is so good it is difficult to particularise, but among the especially choice pieces to be noted are specimens of old English needlework of the Jacobean and Queen Anne periods. Samplers

(*Continued on page* x)

Coiffure Artistry

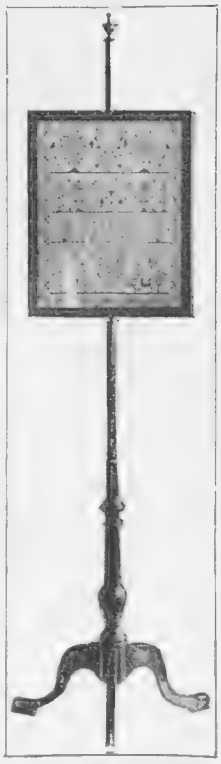
THE above illustrations depict the perfect realism of a "La Naturelle" transformation, admittedly the most finished piece of *postiche* work ever produced. It is absolutely undetectable, and can be arranged in any style most pleasing and becoming to the wearer.

M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., who is the sole designer and producer of "La Naturelle," has by the consummate handling of his art swept away for all time any prejudice that may have existed against this adventitious aid to beauty.

No matter how these transformations or *toupets* are dressed—and M. Georges is always *au courant* with the prevailing modes both here and in Paris—the hair has ever the appearance of having grown on the head, and the cost remains respectively as before, from 12 guineas and from 5 guineas.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

are shown mounted as fire screens, some on long poles, and others so planned as to be turned into small tables. One of the former, a pole screen, we have been permitted to illustrate. Those possessing samplers can have them fitted into antique frames, and as the word of this firm is its bond, everything sold by them is truly described.



A NEAT FIRE-SCREEN

An old sampler fitted into an antique frame by Debenham and Freebody

Calling Them Names

Do you call your M.P. by his Christian name, among — er — other appellations? Do you *know* his Christian name? Do you *want* to know it? Some weird folk, of course, who like to claim more than a nodding acquaintance with the great, make a habit of Christian names —when the owner thereof isn't present. These folk will be glad to find in *Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench for* 1923 (Dean and Son, Ltd.: 20*s.* net) a complete list of Christian names and surnames of both successful and unsuccessful Parliamentary candidates in the recent election. For the more seriously inclined, too, there is a wealth of information in this valuable publication — complete polling statistics, rules of Parliamentary procedure, details of Ministerial salaries, and officials of both Houses, recent changes in the Judicial Bench, and short biographies of the Judges of Great and Greater Britain.

Sweet Are the Uses of Advertisement

Foreign countries which, like ourselves, supplied our Colonial markets in pre-war days, are straining every nerve to regain these fertile fields of trade, says *The Advertisers' A.B.C.* (T. B. Browne, Ltd.: price 21*s.* net), in the exhaustive "Colonial and Indian Markets" section of its 1923 edition. Trade advertising openings in the Colonies are given at length, as well as the principal foreign and Colonial newspapers and their net circulation. Many examples of successful advertisements are quoted, together with explanatory illustrations of the importance of position; and there are many valuable hints on pitfalls in poster publicity. Yet another section deals with modern advertising practice and the advantages of employing well-trained and experienced copy-writers. This, without doubt, is quite evident. The present writer, for example, has spent——but this, of course, is not an advertisement!

No Introduction Needed—

In fact, it takes the place of introductions, or, at any rate, becomes an important accessory after the fact — even in these lax days. For *Who's Who* (A. and C. Black, Ltd.: price 42*s.* net) is as essential to every really well-brought-up household, as the front door bell. In the 1923 edition very complete biographical notes are given of all the members of the Bonar Law Cabinet, and these are but a handful in the vast army—over 30,000 strong—which forms its *personalia*.

A New Beauty Contest

To-day, when so many beautiful women are wearing Ciro Pearls, those wonderful replicas of the real, it seems appropriate that their producers should organise a competition for the prettiest photos of the wearers. Liberal cash prizes are being offered, the premier award being £100. Any of our readers interested should write to Ciro Pearls, Ltd., 39, Old Bond Street, W., for the simple conditions. The last date for sending in photos is May 1, and the judging will be in the hands of such well-known people as Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Phyllis Dare, and Mr. Charles P. Sisley.

HOTEL de FRANCE
MAASHOTEL
ROTTERDAM (HOLLAND).
Telegraphic Address: "Maashotel, Boompjes 19"
'Phone: 7191 & 7192.
REBUILT WITH ALL MODERN COMFORT.
NEW MANAGEMENT.
BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE RIVER.
EXQUISITE FRENCH CUISINE
CELEBRATED CELLARS.

Tel.: 52 Broxbourne

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS
From 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
30 mins. from Liverpool Street.

BRAND'S ESSENCE OF BEEF
In all times of Illness.

"Hints to Dog Owners"
A practical booklet dealing in simple yet concise terms with the care of dogs of all breeds.
No dog owner should be without it. Price 3d. Post Free.
A. F. SHERLEY & Co., Ltd., 46 & 48, Boro' High Street, London, S.E.1.

ELECTRIC LIGHT-MAKING PLANT.
VERTICAL BOILER and ENGINE on one Bedplate with Duplex Westinghouse Pump, super-heater, 8 h.p. boiler (new 1914), No. 32874, engine No. 20738; makers, Robey and Co.; two-pole type generator capacity about 6 kw., 52 cells, etc. Can be seen by appointment. County Surrey.—Further particulars from Box, R.V., The Bystander, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

Always ask for
"SPHERE"
BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS
Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee.
Obtainable from all Drapers & Outfitters.

"All the News in a Nutshell in the DAILY GRAPHIC
The Perfect Picture Paper

NICE.
HOTEL ASTORIA
ALL LATEST COMFORTS.
Quiet Situation. Lovely Garden.
Excellent Cuisine. Pension from 35 frs.
A. UHRING, *Propr.*

Storage Batteries
For House Lighting Plants.
THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED.
Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester. 57, Victoria St. London S.W.1.

Hindes
HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the Flask.
Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—
HINDES LTD., 1, Tabernacle St., City, London.

MANUFACTURING BUSINESS FOR SALE—£5,000.
Manufacturing business established 10 years in London, with large plant of machinery, manufacturing specialized line of goods. Proprietor has insufficient capital to cope with increasing developments. Good opportunity for man interested in constructional and mechanical articles. Parents wishing to put their sons in business would find this a good investment. Partnership could be arranged, or present owner would continue as Manager.
Write to "E. D.," c/o HEASMAN & CO., 39, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent.
Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.

SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, LITTLE ONES' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.

Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

Charming Street Frock tailored in mushroom coloured suiting with embroidered pique collar, and clasp of cut steel.

14½ Gns.

This smart tailleur of navy rep is cut on easy, graceful lines. Raised appliqué braid outlines the roll collar and cuffs.

17 Gns.

BARRI, Ltd., 33, New Bond Street, W.1.
Late of 31 Baker Street, W.1

A bad skin — coarse and lifeless—
A flabby underchin—
Those lines & hollows—
Lack lustre eyes—
A dull complexion—

These are the signals of the forties which Elizabeth Arden corrects

In her charming Salon on Bond Street, Elizabeth Arden is giving those famous treatments, by her Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning Method, that are responsible for the clear beauty and exquisitely cared for skins of many of America's most distinguished women.

An hour's treatment under the magic fingers of one of her trained assistants leaves the skin incredibly soft, smooth, and radiantly youthful.

The treatments vary with every individual according to her needs, but the underlying principle is consistent. First, a thorough cleansing to remove all impurities from the pores. Then the skin is refreshed and the circulation aroused by skilful manipulation and efficacious preparations. Next, the sagging, tired muscles must be strengthened and the hungry tissues nourished. Lines are smoothed away miraculously, and slender graceful contours begin to take the place of unlovely flabbiness. Then follows a brisk toning of the skin to close enlarged pores, and you are ready for the bit of fragrant cream to protect the skin and hold the powder.

Some of the most important preparations used in Elizabeth Arden's Treatments :

Venetian Cleansing Cream—that goes deep into the pores, removing all impurities, and leaving the skin soft and supple. 4/6 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic—use with and after Cleansing Cream, to waken and refresh the skin. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Venetian Special Astringent—firms and tones the skin and restores a youthful contour to face and neck. 9/6, 17/6.

Venetian Orange Skin Food—for impoverished skin or thin faces; nourishes the skin, keeping it unlined and ivory smooth. 4/6, 7 6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream—to be used if the face is full. Will not fatten. 4/6, 8 6, 12/6.

Venetian Pore Cream—to close gaping pores, correct their lax condition, and refine a coarse skin. 4/6.

Venetian Amoretta Cream—smooth it in the skin before going out, to protect the skin and form a powder foundation. 4/6, 8/6.

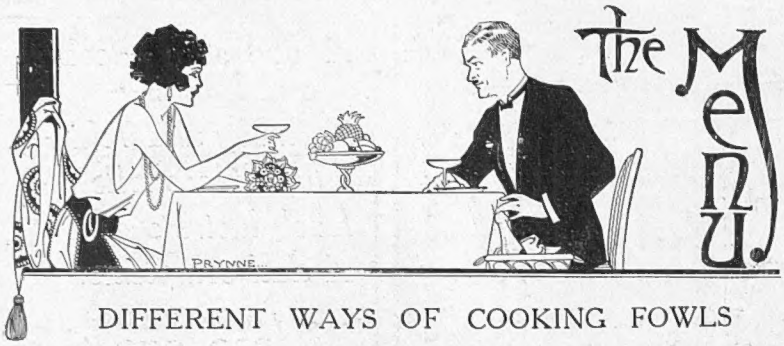
If you cannot get to town for a visit to her Salon, send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful." You can so easily learn to apply the same method at home.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
25 H OLD BOND ST. LONDON. W.
NEW YORK PARIS

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA CURE
The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

SARDINIA HOUSE. KINGSWAY. LONDON. W.C.2.



DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING FOWLS

Indian Spatchcock

SPLIT and boil lightly a small chicken (or the remains of a cold boiled fowl). Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan, pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. Sauce: One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcester sauce and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

Fillets of Chicken with Oysters

Remove the breast from a nice plump fowl, take off the skin, and flatten the meat with a cutlet bat, being careful not to break the meat. Cut the fillet in two, and place a raw, bearded oyster in the centre of each piece. Season with salt, pepper and lemon-juice, then roll each fillet in a piece of buttered paper Place them in a buttered sauté pan with a little white stock and a glass of white wine. Cook in the oven fifteen minutes. Take up, remove the paper, dish up, and pour over a velouté (white sauce), and serve.

Chicken Pilau

Warm some cold chicken in a pint of stock or water until the meat is very tender. Take out the meat and add to the liquor one pint of strained tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper, some finely chopped onion and a little chutney. When boiling, add a cup of rice, and cook twenty minutes. Add the pieces of chicken and half a cup of milk or cream. Turn out and garnish with sippets of toast.

Chicken Panada (An Invalid's Dish)

Take about 3 ozs. of the white meat of a chicken, which has been parboiled, pound it quite fine, and put it into a jar with a pinch of salt, add half a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg and a small piece of lemon-peel. Set the jar in a saucepan of water, stir, and boil for a few minutes. It should be tolerably thick, and pearl barley or rice may be boiled to a pulp, passed through a sieve and added to it, which makes it more nourishing. The yolk of an egg can be added to any panada.

Fricassee of Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in butter or olive oil in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot, let this cook a little, then moisten with some well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving, add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

EMILIA

GET RID OF YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates as explained above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, *any* sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

What a well-known London Chiropodist writes:—

16, OLD BOND STREET, W.1,

GENTLEMEN.

During the past two years I have demonstrated the use of Reudel Bath Saltrates to over two thousand clients and recommended its use. I am very pleased to announce to you the high praise I am daily receiving of its beneficial results. It is comforting to use, Safe and Sure.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,
Consulting Chiropodist.

No other Toffee compares with

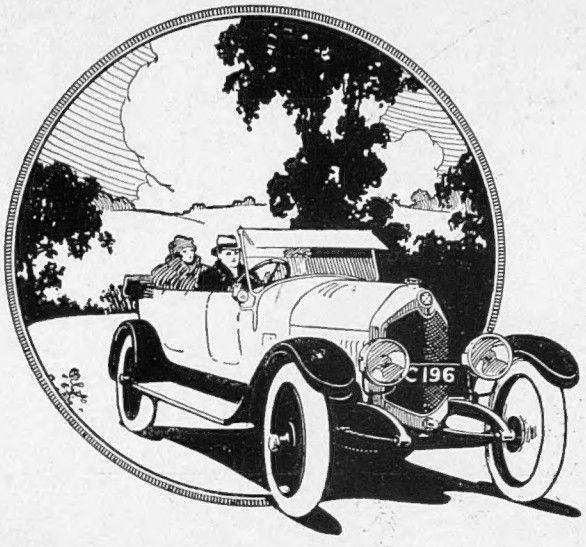
SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

Unrivalled Quality.

Paysandu Ox Tongues

BOOKLET FREE
Send name and address for "Housewife's Book of Useful Hints."

McCall & Co., Ltd., 14 St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.3.



Challenging Attention!

THE present Crossley models are challenging the attention of motorists everywhere.

The 19·6 h.p. Crossley has made a wonderful name for itself. It is recognised as one of the finest four-cylinder cars in the world.

The 12/14 h.p. Crossley is unique in its class. There is no other popular priced car on the market which can approach it, either for specification or performance.

Please ask for details.

CROSSLEY MOTORS, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

London Showrooms and Export Dept.: 40-41, Conduit Street, W1.

Crossley

Have you seen the new Hillman?

The 11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Four-Seater, £450.

11 h.p. All-Weather Two-Seater .. £430
11 h.p. All-Weather Four-Seater .. £450
11 h.p. Coupé Two-Seater £495
11 h.p. Coupé Four-Seater £530

Read what HILLMAN Owners have to say about their Cars.

Ref. No. 50.—"Since I had my car last October it has done many thousands of miles without giving any trouble, although the engine has never yet been taken down or valves re-ground. I was surprised how it took the hills in Wales where I have just done about 4,000 miles' tour. One day, not knowing the road and with three up, I drove over a very steep mountain road, and afterwards found out that it was the Bwlch-y-groes pass where the Birmingham M.C. and A.C. went over in their 24 hour trial.
I thought the car must have done rather well to have got up as it was just as it was purchased last October and had done quite 10,000 miles since then, and also as I was not looking out for any test hill in my run but simply touring round."

The original letter may be seen
at the offices of the Company.

Specification and full particulars from:—

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London & Home Counties Distributors:

Messrs. Coppen, Allan & Co., 143, Great Portland St., W.1

The Guaranteed Car **Hillman**

H.P.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

14 h.p. 4-cyl. Model

RELIABLE——————ECONOMICAL

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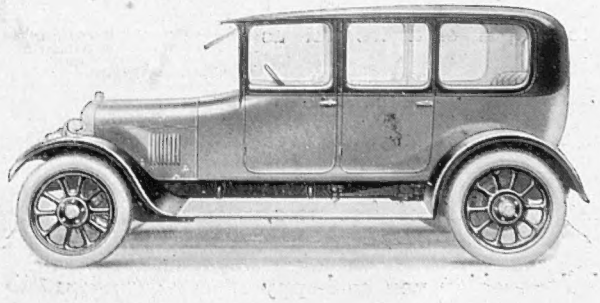

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